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The Fireside.

With what a live intelligence the flame
Glows and leaps up in spires of flickering red
And turns the coal, just now so dull and dead,
To a companion! Not like those who came
To weary me with iteration tame
Of idle talk in shallow fancies bred.
From doleful moods the cheerful fire has led
My thoughts, which now their manlier strength reclaim;
And like some frozen thing that feels the sun
Through solitudes of winter penetrate,
The frolic currents through my pulses run;
While fluttering whispers soft and intimate
Out of the ruddy fire-light of the grate
Make talk, love, music, poetry in one.
—*C. P. Cranch, in Harper's Magazine.*

Break of Day.

Cruel white waves in sad under-tone
Break at my feet with desolate moan.
Far in the distance as eye can reach,
Only a long strip of sandy beach.
Backward and forward, to left, to right,
Blacker the darkness upon the night.

Ragged and silent the mountains loom,
Pitiless shadow of coming doom!
Is there no herald of dawning day
Over the ocean so cold and gray?
Waiting, I watch on the shore in vain:
Fast throbs my heart with its bitterest pain.

Turn from the desolate moaning sea;
It hath no part in thy life or thee.
Dreary the path where no flowers bloom
By rugged shore through the mountains' gloom.
Thine is the burden: with weary feet,
Brave, not despairing, thy Fate go meet.

From pain no longer a coward shrink;
Though the cup is bitter, thy lips must drink.
Earthward no more turn thy tearful gaze;
Who works in earnest, in earnest prays.
The rough dark road then wouldst fain forget?
Upward and onward! The end is not yet.

Lo! the mountain's crown, on the ebony night
Glows with a glory of rosy light!
Dark in the valley; the sea is gray;
But the hill-top burns, the beacon of day.
A firey shaft from the golden East
Enkindles the alter where God is Priest.

Rosy lights creep down the mountain-side,
Flushing the slow heaving, swelling tide.
Rainbow of promise high overhead
Tells the Day coming with silent thread.
Slowly the curtain of night is furled;
Slowly the light of God blesses the world.

Through the shimmering gold of breaking day
A white-winged sail is speeding its way.
Ah, blessed Day, full of hope new-born,
That brings my love in its happy dawn!
Shine out in the sky! O glorious sun!
The end is not yet. Life has just begun.
—*Ellis Gray in Harper's Magazine for January*

A DISEASE OF THE HEART.

The days of my clerkship were ended; my examination was over; I was admitted; wrote myself "Nehemiah Hubbs, attorney;" put up my new, bright little sign, and in my native village began my professional career. No, I did not, either. I am mistaken. I intended to pursue the honorable profession to which I had dedicated my talents and learning in the place of my birth; but never was a truer word penned than the time-honored proverb, "A prophet has no honor in his own country." I believe if I had remained in the village of Green Briar till my head was white, they would have thought of me as nothing but a boy, and would have feared to trust me. Even after my sign was put up nobody called me Mr. Hubbs; it was still "Ne," with old and young, and "Ne" I would have remained to this day had I remained in Green Briar.

Only one case claimed my attention during the three months of my patient continuance in Green Briar, after being admitted to the bar, and that was the case of an unjustly impounded pig, "felmeously extracted, your honor, from the small but secure spot in which my client had trustingly deposited him; and maliciously driven to a public enclosure called a pound, for the vile purpose, doubtless, of compelling my client, in his poverty and destitution, to pay the enormous fee that has been demanded of him, in order to extricate the animal from his unpleasant position and restore him to the bosom of his family!"

By this I meant the client's family, the pig having none of its own. It was a figure of speech undoubtedly, the family not inhabiting an Irish cabin, but still it rounded off the period and sounded well to me as I repeated over and over again my maiden speech, pacing up and down the floor of my little office. In this my first case, I was successful so far as to rescue the impounded animal and save my client from the payment of an unjust demand; but it brought no silver to my pocket, neither, to my surprise, did it bring honor to my name. The eloquence of my speech did not form the theme, as I fondly hoped it would, of paragraphs in the village papers, or of discussion at the corner of the streets; neither did it bring to my office the rush of clients for which daily I vainly made ready. It was plain that I should never rise to distinction in Green Briar, and so I came to the sudden determination to remove from that pleasant spot and settle in some city where nobody knew or heard of me; and where, above all, there was not a soul to call me "Ne."

There I was more successful, and soon had the opportunity of forming a very advantageous partnership. Business increased; money began to come in, slow at first, but after a time more plentifully, and all things seemed prosperous in my outward circumstances. But, alas! as we are often told poetically, there is no sweet without its bitter, no rose without its thorn; and trouble came to me in the shape of disease, insidious and slow in its approaches at first, long feared and suspected, but at length betrayed itself so plainly that I could blind myself no longer to the truth.

Yes! I was, without doubt, a victim to disease of the heart; not metaphorically, dear reader, for never had the organ beat with a quicker pulsation at the approach of mortal woman. So far as the gentle sex was concerned I was a perfect stoic; but that there was organic disease about my heart I could not doubt, and if ever the symptoms disclosed themselves unmistakably they did so in my case. There was a flattering, palpitating, irregular action, and at length, pain. I could not work. Life had lost its zest. The fear of sudden death was ever with me; I could enjoy nothing. If I had anything to leave, or anybody to leave it to, I should have made my will, for I was quite sure now that I should drop some day lifeless in the street, or that the morning would soon come when the power to rise from my bed would have left me.

I remained in my boarding-house and found no comfort in anything but my cigar, and my dread disease grew worse and worse. As yet I had consulted no physician, partly, I think, from the apprehension of having my fears confirmed; but as I sat by my window one day, smoking as vigorously as ever, gazing abstractedly across the street, my attention was arrested by a modest little sign upon an opposite blind—"C L. Todd, M. D." While thinking whether or not it would be best to make a trial of the physician's skill, a sudden twinge and flutter decided me; yes, I would send for Dr. Todd and know the worst at once!

Summoning the only male servant belonging to the establishment, I told him to step over and ask Dr. Todd to come and see me as soon as possible.

The boy grinned.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked.

"Is not Dr. Todd a good physician?"

"Oh, yes, sir," he answered. I believe she is a very good physician, but she hain't never tended nobody here."

"She!" said I to myself; "the boy, surely, has Welsh blood in his veins; they always she everything."

The boy returned saying: "The doctor wasn't home, sir, but I left your name on the slate."

In the course of the afternoon; as I lay upon the sofa, with my hand pressed upon my heart, to still its irregular pulsations, there was a soft tap at my door. "Come in," I called out, and, to my surprise, in came the neatest, brightest, most cheerful-looking little woman it had ever been my lot to meet.

"You sent for me, I believe, sir!" she said, in a brisk, pleasant way.

"I? No, madam, you are laboring under a mistake."

"Ah! I beg your pardon," said the little woman. "I found on my slate the name of Mr. Hubbs, No. 14, Mrs. Grey's boarding-house, with a request that I would call and see him."

"Your slate, madame!" I exclaimed, my astonishment increasing every moment; "you surely are not a"—

"Physician! yes, sir," she interrupted, quickly; "I am a physician, Dr. Todd."

"Extraordinary!" was all I could say, for though I had heard at a distance of the existence of such beings, this was my first introduction to a female practitioner of the Esculapian art. It was rather awkward, but since she had come, I determined to make the best of it, and acquaint the lady doctor with my case. She felt my pulse, asked numerous questions as to my symptoms, and then, in her quick, bright way, exclaimed:

"Nervous! Nervous! that's all, depend upon it. Excuse me, sir, but by the air of your room I suppose you are much given to smoking."

"I plead guilty."

"And how many cigars do you usually smoke in a day?"

"I could not tell; I never counted; as soon as I threw away one I took another, usually."

"Hum! a cigar in your mouth pretty much all the time, eh? Chew, too?"

Again a reluctant confession was wrung from me.

"I presume you sit up late, smoke all the time?"

"Yes, ma'am, smoking and reading."

"That's it. No disease of the heart at all, sir; nothing but tobacco. It will make you fancy anything: It'll drive you crazy, if you don't take care. Now will you promise to follow my advice closely? If not I will take my leave immediately."

I promised, submissive as lamb.

"In the first place then throw away all your cigars and tobacco and promise to buy no more."

With a sigh given to my sole consolations I said I would do as she directed.

Many more directions she gave me as to diet, exercise, early hours, etc. Perhaps, she saw, too, that cheerful companionship was something I needed, so she remained awhile, talking with great glee and spirit about matters and things in general; and, promising to call and see me the next morning, she left.

I had not felt so well in a great while; indeed, I had not given my heart a thought since the little woman entered the room.

The next morning I found myself watching impatiently for the arrival of my little doctor. She came bright and cheerful as the day before. What a perfect little sunbeam she was! I could not help growing better under her care, and the influence of her cheering presence, and yet managed to contrive some ache or pain every day as an excuse for the continuance of her visits.

At length I found that my heart, which had long been quiet, and apparently free from disease, began to flutter and palpitate again; but I observed it was only when I heard the little woman's tap at my door, or felt her soft fingers on my wrist. In short, as she had driven the disease out of my heart, that little woman herself had walked into it. I could no longer blind myself to the fact; and when she one day told me that I was now off the sick list, and out of her hands, I determined that she should not so easily get out of mine.

So I told her as she had now given ease to my heart in one respect, she must not leave till she had done so in another, or I should be worse off than I was before. The little woman looked perplexed.

Then I stated my case and explained my symptons a second time, showing her the distressed state of my heart, and she alone could cure it. The former disease she had removed by an occasional visit; the latter could only be cured by her promising to come and take up her abode with me as a resident physician. She understood me now, and by the way she pressed her hand against her own little fluttering heart, one would have thought the disease was contagious: and I verily think it was. So now we are both to apply to a clergyman who is to form between us a life partnership as lawyer and physician.

But one thing troubles me, of which I had no thought till now; that it is necessary to have our cards engraved. Married people are usually "Mr. and Mrs. So and So," or "Mr. Such a One and Lady;" but will any one please tell me how I and my little wife are to be designated. Will it be "Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Hubbs?" or "Mr. and Mrs. Hubbs, M. D.?" or, as the ladies are going ahead so fast in these days of woman's rights, will I sink into still lesser insignificance, and shall we be "Dr. Todd and Gentleman?" or must I drop the name of Hubbs altogether and become a Todd, too? Somebody please tell how to have those cards engraved.

Water for the Eyes.

A writer in *Frazer's Magazine* thinks that, whatever hesitation there may be justly called for in recommending one or another of the various lotions now so popular, there need be no such doubt in respect to cold water or pure water. He says in cases of much inflammation or difficulty in opening the eyelids in the morning, experienced by so many, the water should be warm, and it may be mixed with warm milk, but in nearly all other cases it should be cold. All those who have been engaged in reading or writing during several hours at a stretch, and especially at night, should carefully bathe the eyes with cold water before going to bed and the first thing in the morning's ablutions. All artisans too, who work at a blazing fire ought often to wash their eyes with cold pure water, and so should all those who work in wool, particularly carders and spinners, and those likewise who are employed in woolen and cotton manufactures, the fine dust which such works disperse often producing cataracts, obstinate inflammations, swelled eyelids, etc.

Novelties in Floriculture.

A very old but good story has just been rehearsed in the columns of the London *Land and Water*, by Mr. W. H. Webb. In substance it is as follows: Dr. Fothergill, an English botanist and physician of note in the eighteenth century, successfully treated a ship captain who arrived at London ill of yellow fever. The doctor would take no money for his services, but requested the captain to bring him two barrels of earth from Borneo. At length the earth was brought, and the doctor, having burned the surface of a piece of ground very thoroughly, sprinkled the Borneo earth upon it. The result was that one hundred different sorts of new and curious plants sprung up. These novelties in floriculture, including geraniums, have since been diffused throughout the gardens of England. In those days, when the introduction of new plants is so sedulously pursued, it is surprising that the method of Dr. Fothergill has not been more extensively tried, as communication with tropical regions of germ-charged soil is infinitely more frequent now than then.

The Fox's Stratagems.

In *Scribner's Magazine* for January, R. E. Robinson has an article on "Fox-Hunting in New England," from which we make the following extract: But think not thus early nor with such successful issue is every chase to close. This was ended before the fox had used any other trick for baffling the hounds, but his simplest one of running in circles. An hour or two later, an old fox finding the dogs still holding persistently to all the windings of his trail, would have sped away to another hill or wood a mile or so off, and would have crossed newly plowed fields, the fresh earth leaving no tell-tale scent; would have taken to traveled highways, where dust and the hoofs of horses and the footsteps of men combine to obliterate the traces of his passage: or have trod gingerly along many lengths of the top rails of a fence and then have sprung off at right angles with it to the ground, ten feet away; and then, perhaps, have run through a flock of sheep, the strong odor of whose feet blots out the scent of his. These artifices quite bewilder and baffle the young dog, but only delay the elder who knows of old the tricks of foxes. Nothing can be more admirable than the manner of his working, as he comes to the edge of the plowed field. He wastes no time in useless pottering among the fresh-turned furrows, but with rapid lopes skirts their swarded border, till, at a far corner, his speed slackens as his keen nose catches the scent again in the damp grass; he snuffs at it an instant to assure himself, then sounds a loud, melodious note, and goes on baying at every lope till the road is reached. Along this he zigzags till he finds where the fox has left it. And now comes the puzzling bit of fence. The old dog thinks the fox has gone through it; he goes through it himself, but finds no scent there; puzzles about rapidly, now trying this side, now that; at last he bethinks himself of the top, to which he clambers and there finds the missing trail. But his big feet cannot tread the "giddy footing" of the rail as could Reynard's dainty pads, so down he goes and lies on either side for the point where the fox left the fence. Ranging up and down, too near it, to hit the spot where Reynard struck the ground he fails to recover the scent, stops—raises his nose and utters a long mournful howl, half vexation, half despair. Now he climbs to the top rail further on and snuffs it there. "No taint of a fox's foot is here," so he reasons, "and he must have jumped from the fence between here and the place where I found it," and acting on this logical conclusion, he circles widely till he has picked up the trail once more, and goes merrily on to the sheep-pasture. Here, satisfying himself of the character of this trick, he adopts the same plan employed at the plowed field, and after a little, finds the trail on the other side and follows it to the hill, but more slowly now, for the fox has been gone some time; the frost has melted, the moisture is exhaling and the scent growing cold. The fox has long since reached the hill and half encircled it, and now hearing the voices of the hounds so far away and so slowly nearing, has bestowed himself on the mossy cushion of a knoll for rest and cogitation. Here he lies for a half hour or more, but always alert and listening while the dogs draw slowly on, now almost losing the trail on a dry ledge, now catching it in a moist, propitious hollow, till at last a nearer burst warns poor sly-boots that he must again up and away.

Snipe Shooting Extraordinary.

The greatest shooting exploit ever performed in this country, says the New Orleans *Picayune*, was recently achived by a gentleman, long a resident of this State, and the owner of some of the largest plantations, sugar and cotton. For years past the exploits of this gentleman have been regarded with the highest admiration and wonder in all sporting circles. Leasing out his splendid sugar estates on the Teche, he has reserved the privilege of occupying a shooting box, which he calls his "snipery," where he spends every year a month or so, to enjoy without disturbance his favorite amusement of shooting this fine and agile bird, which abounds on his own and the adjoining plantations. The results of his sport and skill in past years have been frequently referred to as wonderful. To bag three hundred snipe on the wing, of course, a day has been a common achievement—common for him, but never accomplished by any other sportsman. In his last enterprise, however, he surpassed his previous exploits by devoting six successive days to this sport. The result was a bag of nineteen hundred and sixty snipe. Allowing six hours per day for the hunt, this would give a snipe a minute, which is about equal to the hog-killing operations of the great slaughter-houses of Chicago. Besides the pleasure and pride of such an achievement, the robust appearance of the gentleman by whom it was performed, when we met him on our streets, attests the happy effects upon his physical condition of the exercise and excitement of his Nimrodian enterprise. He will return to his enjoyment of the luxuries and pleasures of his family residence at Biaritz, France, with a keen and invigorated relish and capacity of enjoyment.

The Battle Field of Plevna.

The correspondent of the London *Daily News*, writing from Plevna on the day of the surrender, says: All around me the ground was covered with grim relics of battle. Here and there the earth was upturn by the explosion of shells. Near me lay a horse groaning and struggling in death. Close by an ox, silently bleeding to death; his great, round, patient eyes looking mournfully at us. Just before me was a cart with a dead horse lying in yoke as he had fallen, and a Turkish soldier lying alongside whose head had been carried away. Another man was lying under the wagon, and around were four wounded men, lying gazing up at the murky sky, or covered up with the hood of their ragged gray overcoat drawn over their faces. Not one of them uttered a sound. They lay there and bore their suffering with a calm, stolid fortitude which brought tears to my eyes. Just behind the wagon the ground was ripped to pieces by shell-fire, telling how these unfortunates had met their fate. The road and its edges were dotted here and there with dead and wounded Turkish soldiers, oxen, horses, and shattered carts, and a few hundred yards north of the road, the ground over which Osman Pasha's sallying column had made that heroic charge, was literally covered with dead and wounded. Russian doctors were already going about on the field looking after the wounded and giving them temporary dressing, while waiting for the ambulances to come up.

"What's Wanted?"

A suburban resident, losing the last train out the other night, concluded to save a hotel bill by spending the night with an old college chum of his, living in Boylston street. Arriving in front of the house, he tossed a pebble up against his friend's chamber window, and called out "Doc.!" "Oh, Doc.!" "Doctor!" in less than a minute thirteen windows flew open, thirteen heads popped out of them, and thirteen voices exclaimed with one accord, "I'm the Doctor; what's wanted?"—*Boston Advertiser.*

CHEESE.

An Insight Into a Great Industry—Celebrated European Products.

A crust of bread and cheese has long been a proverbial phrase indicative of penurious hospitality; but continental agriculturists bid fair to reverse its application, judging from the elegant and tempting varieties of cheese now reaching the London market in increasing consignments. From the chalet high up on Alpine meads, from communes of sunny France, from Scandinavian fiord and forest, low-lying Holland, and even distant Italy, this easily portable product of the dairy finds its way to the English metropolis. Some few of these have long been known to the epicure, but have only recently become articles of comparatively common consumption. Such is the Gruyere, which by right of size comes naturally foremost—a great cheese weighing one hundred pounds, rich and luscious, from Switzerland. It sometimes measures a yard in circumference. But upon this twelve months' attention have been lavished, to bring it to the exact consistency of a species of firmer butter, disappearing, as it were, upon the tongue. The process is carried on in summer almost beside the glacier and avalanche, and one part of the system is said to be a repeated gentle simmering of the curd. It sells in London at about a shilling a pound. Quite a contrast is presented by the Mont d'Or cheese—from France—a yellow disk, say five inches across, like a cake of solid honey. The taste is delicious, and it has a tempting appearance upon the table. These cheeses are usually obtained by the dozen, costing ten pence each; which is also the value of the Camembert, still less in diameter, but thicker. A cheese commanding a wider sale is the Roquefor (French), the price of which (2s a pound) indicates a superior quality. It is a cream cheese, coated with tinfoil, and weighing about four pounds. It is made from the milk of sheep, and when cut open is flecked with the peculiar decay so dear to the artist in eating. This mouldiness is the chief object of the maker, who assists its development by the use of a little barley bread. The cheese is matured in a series of natural caverns, the draught through which effects the ripening. Roquefort and Gorgonzola (Italian) much resemble Stilton; the latter is also made from cream only, is very rich, and about the same price.

The flavor of some of the continental cheeses is varied by the addition of carraways or cummin; others are preared with herbs, as the Schabzieger, from Switzerland. France also sends the Fromage de Brie and Boudon (cream), Pont l'Evecque, etc., not all, perhaps, quite attractive to the English nostril; and Switzerland the Neufchatel cream, like molten Stilton, and eaten as butter on a slice of bread. Parmesan and Stracchino, from Italy, are well known; the latter is a soft cheese, and only keeps a short time. Emmenthal cheese comes from several countries—Austria, Switzerland, etc. The Limburg is a German cheese; Edam and Gouda, one round and the other flat, are of Dutch make; and all these are either kept in stock now, or quickly obtained to order by London merchants. In addition, the Caccicavallo, from Tuscany, a cheese half of goat's and half cow's milk, from a town in Piedmont; a Turin cheese of goat's milk; a white variety from Sicily; Romatour from Bavaria, Colommier, Gerome, etc., have at least been seen in London. In Russia they are copying the English Cheddar and Stilton, perhaps with a view to the foreign market said to be open for larger consignments of that character than have reached it from England. But this by the way. In home produce Devonshire cream has long been a luxury; York cream, New Forest cream, Victoria cream, and the little Aylesbury—said to be delicious—are hardly pear shape as well known as they deserve. There seems, indeed, a singularly wide scope for invention and industry in the treatment of milk; and the subject is not without an interest to those who are pondering upon the problem of female employment. When the governess of an English farmer's family is paid £15 per annum, the lady who superintends the dairy—the professional cheese maker—receives £25, £30, and even more, living as one of the family and enjoying complete liberty as soon as her work is done. The governess has "never finished;" when the children are in bed, she may be persuasively requested to assist in sewing; but the "cheese maker" after tea simply puts on her bonnet and walks forth to take the air. The life is decidedly more independent than that of a "lady-help," and the science of the dairy seems nearly as worthy of schools and teachers as that of cooking.

English cheese is invariably made from the milk of the cow; but many foreign kinds, as mentioned above, are manufactured from that of sheep and goats. Those made of goats' milk are usually small and oddly made—some like tablets rather than cheese. It is scarcely probable that sheep's milk will ever be used here for this purpose; but goats have received an increase to attention of recent years, not so much for direct profit as with the view of supplying a rich, fresh milk for children. Persons who have not the space for a cow can still keep a few goats and possibly may make a little cheese as a fancy. Goats' milk butter has been exhibited. Butter, by the way, comes more and more from abroad—Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden and especially France, contributing largely. Brittany butter is a favorite; another brand comes from Normandy, and during the winter Italian butter may be had. This article has been sent to London, on the other hand, almost from the arctic regions—*i. e.*, from Finland. Many continental butter merchants' names are as well known here as in their own countries; in fact, foreign enterprise, assisted by the respective governments, is doing its best to take possession of the English market. In Germany, Russia, etc., butter and cheese making is taught in institutions directly subsidized from the government, and capital is largely drawn to this profitable investment. Factories and companies whose main object is the English consumer are common on the continent—as the Scandinavian Butter Preserving Company (Danish), the well-known Caves Reunies of Roquefort (France), a society for the manufacture of cheese, etc.; indeed, there are companies in all the countries previously named. Some English butter is believed to be colored with a dye manufactured and used abroad; it is quite harmless, yet the fact seems strange. Saxony and Bavaria are making great efforts to insure the economic and scientific production of butter and cheese, and there are dairy laboratories in Italy for chemical experiments. The Germans have actually a mechanical appliance for getting the cream out of the milk by steam power. The ordinary system is to simply set the milk, and let the slow process of nature raise the cream, which takes many hours. This singular invention apparently consists of a kind of hollow wheel, into which the milk is poured, and which revolves several hundred times a minute, causing a vortex motion in the liquid, and separating the particles of cream by centrifugal force in a very short period. —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Cincinnati claims to have originated the first baby show, and the youngster who took the first prize is still living.

A Stamp-Collection Story.

Some time in October last, says the Boston *Post* of a recent issue, an aged lady in New York city, finding herself without the means to procure the necessaries of life, made application to various persons for assistance in obtaining admission to the St. Luke's Home for Women in that city. One gentleman to whom she applied asked her if she was willing to make a great effort to obtain the desired end. She replied that it was not much that she could do, but her will was good, and she would try. The gentleman then replied: "If you will collect one million of old postage stamps I will give you the $300 needed to obtain admission to the Home." The old lady was at first discouraged. However, as she was a person of much energy and courage, she went to work in earnest. She first sought the assistance of some friends of better days, and was fortunate in finding two ladies noted for their energy in works of charity, Mrs. Gibbins and Mrs. Halstead, of New York, who promised to aid her. Their plan was as follows: To call at many of the offices in the city and ask that all the stamps on the letters received might be saved. Mrs. Gibbins also wrote to the wife of Mr. E. G. Champney, the artist, of this city, requesting her assistance. Mrs. Champney at once began work. She informed her friends of the scheme and requested their assistance.

The enthusiasm with which this idea was received was wonderful. Children began to watch for letters that came to their houses with almost as much impatience as any lover watches for dainty, perfumed notes. Men and women on receiving letters would proceed to cut off the stamp before reading the epistle. From hundreds the number became thousands and ten thousands. Last week all that was wanted to complete the amount was ninety-four thousand. On receiving the contributions from various sources this week it was found that they had one million and five thousand, and on informing the gentleman who takes the stamps of the fact he offered to give another free bed in Dr. Burghart's Hospital for a second million, the bed to be disposed of by Mesdames Gibbins and Halstead to the most deserving person known to them.

On being informed that her home for life was ensured the lady expressed her gratitude to the kind friends who had assisted her. Although having had the assistance of many, the lady has gathered by her own personal efforts over three hundred thousand stamps in the past ten weeks, or an average of thirty thousand in a week or five thousand in a day. The stamps on being received were counted and tied up in packages of one hundred each, and then ten of these packages were tied together, and in this form they were sent to the gentleman who has agreed to furnish the money. What final disposition was to be made of the stamps was for a long time a matter of much curiosity. It was at last ascertained that they are to be sent to Europe to be used in the manufacture of papier-mache goods, the paper of which the stamps are made making them very desirable, and the mucilage also adding to their strength. The million stamps packed in the manner described, fill an ordinary Saratoga trunk.

A Forgotten Festival.

Little more than a couple of generations ago, the 25th of November was a holiday in many parts of the Midland agricultural districts in England. No matter what might be the state of the weather, no interruption of the festivities was allowed, however great might be the discomfort of those taking part in the "Catherine Procession." In the towns, those taking part in the processions were principally female children belonging to the work-houses, who discarded for the nonce their customary workhouse attire, and appeared neatly dressed in white, decorated with various colored ribbons, chiefly scarlet, the tallest girl being selected to represent the queen, or rather saint, for which purpose she was provided with a tinseled crown or sceptre. The procession invariably made a stop at the dwellings of the principal townsmen, when the children sang a ballad beginning thus:

"Here comes Queen Catherine, as fine as any queen,
With a coach and six horses a-coming to be seen;
And a-spinning we will go, will go, will go,
And a-spinning we will go!"

While this was being sung, several of the children would beg for money at the neighboring houses, the proceeds being devoted to defraying the cost of the procession and providing the little ones with the unwonted luxury of a good dinner. One of the most famous of these processions was that at Peterborough, which was continued until the introduction of the new poor law, when the "Catherine Processions" became things of the past. Previous to this, spinning constituted the principal occupation of the female inmates of the work-houses, hence the origin of the festival, St. Catherine being popularly regarded as the patron saint of this particular industry. She was also regarded in a similar light by the Midland lace makers, many of whom signalize the arrival of "Kattern's Day" with a rump steak and onion dinner—an example largely emulated by the Northamptonshire shoemakers, who evidently think more of a "Kattern Supper" than of a "Crispin Dinner." But these festival meals furnish a poor substitute for the picturesque features which formerly marked the celebration of St. Catherine's Day, which already displays indications of speedily becoming added to the lengthy list of forgotten festivals.

Chinese Farmers.

We doubt if a happier race exists than the Chinese farmers and peasantry. The farms are small, and so the owners are not wealthy, but they are very respectable. Each farm-house is a little colony, consisting of some three generations—namely, the grandfather, his children, and his children's children. There they live in peace and harmony together; all who are able to, work on the farm, and if more labor is required, the stranger is hired to assist them. They live well, dress plainly, and are industrious, without being in any way oppressed. The female members of a farmer's household have much more liberty than those of a higher rank. They have small feet as usual, but they are not so confined to the house, or prevented from looking on and speaking to strangers, as are the higher classes. If a stranger enters the court of the house unexpectedly, he will see a number of ladies, both old and young, sitting in the verandah, all industriously employed on some work — spinning, some sewing or embroidering, and one probably engaged in culinary operations; and if the stranger be an unknown foreigner, the whole will rise hurriedly, and disappear like a covey of partidges, overturning wheels, stools, and anything else that may be in their way. "This," says a writer on Chinese customs, "was a frequent scene in my earlier visits, but it gradually wore off when it was found I was a civilized being like themselves. Those same ladies afterward would often ask me to sit down, and even set a chair for me, and bring me a cup of tea with their own fair hands; and while I drank my tea, they would go on with their work, laughing and chatting as freely as if I had been a thousand miles away."

GRAVE WRECKERS.

Who Lurk in the Shadow of the Tomb and Despoil the Last Resting place of the Coolie.

Most of our citizens, says the San Francisco *Echo*, are doubtless familiar with the not uncommon spectacle of a Chinese funeral. But few are fully aware of the incidents which are attached to the mortuary processions and which are developed at the burying ground. Recently some facts in connection with the funeral rites of the Coolie population have come into the possession of an *Echo* reporter, and they are of sufficient interest to be given to the public. One of the funeral customs of these people is to take to the grave of the deceased a substantial feast, including those articles both edible and potable which the defunct most affected while in the flesh. When a wealthy and important Mongolian "shuffles off this mortal coil," the feast is elaborate, varied and plentiful, including roast pork—generally a whole hog—chickens, duck, rice, gin or brandy, and a few other articles the names of which have no equivalent in our vernacular. The feast thus set out upon the grave, is renewed once a year, until the bones of the departed Coolie are disinterred to be sent to China, there to mingle with the dust of the empire. The renewal of these substantial favors begins generally in the first week of——, and continues about two weeks. The nearest living male relative of the deceased—no matter how poor or lowly the latter may have been in life—attends to the matter, and always some slight substantial tribute at this season is placed upon the grave. During the continuance of this annual festival hundreds of Chinese may be seen trotting along under the load of a couple of baskets, or comfortably riding in an express wagon toward that portion of the cemetery which is allotted for the burial of the Chinese. During the two weeks in which this festival prevails there are in the graveyard between dawn and dusk, generally between two and three hundred Coolies, each of whom has brought some offering. When to this is added the amount which is contributed at the time of the funeral, it will be seen that the total is considerable. The particulars here set forth in regard to this custom of the Coolie are widely known among a crew which in this article may be known as graveyard wreckers. This class, which is composed exclusively of vagabonds, tramps and thieves, burrow in the day time in the lowest and most wicked quarter of the town, and if no criminal or vagabond adventure promising richer reward is on hand, they skirt along the boundaries of the cemetery at early dusk and, hiding in the shadows and gloom, wait until the last Coolie watcher has vanished eastward, when the plundering commences, and the graves are systematically and thoroughly despoiled of every article of food or value. Generally the gin—the favorite tipple of the Coolies—is seized first; and then such articles of food as are placed on the grave are appropriated. Often there is a dispute among these grave wreckers, as to the possession of the spoils thus sacriligiously obtained, and quite often personal encounters occur between rival claimants of the same lot. Over the mounds which mark the graves of the assembled dead, and in the darkening shadows of night these foul birds of prey fight over the possession of some trifle with a vindictiveness which the sacredness of the place does not in the least abate. Since the Chinese have noticed this despoiling of the graves of their dead the practice of placing any considerable quantity of food upon them has fallen into disuse, so that through the evil efforts of these grave wreckers a partial good may follow, in forcing the Coolie into an abandonment of a heathenish and superstitious rite.

More Marine Monsters.

Whatever may be ultimately decided as to the existence or non-existence of the sea serpent, it seems plain that there exist at the bottom of the sea monsters quite equally worthy of the name of leviathan. The most hideous and gigantic of these denizens of the deep sea of which tradition speaks belong to the starfish or octopus species, and it was the bodies, or rather fragments of bodies, of creatures of this sort which were collected and placed in the museums at Utrecht and Amsterdam after the storms of 1639 and 1790. Professor Steenstreep, who is an authority in these matters, describes a sea monster which was thrown ashore in 1853, the head of which was as fat as that of a robust child. Eight years later, the captain of a small French vessel claimed to have seen off the coast of Teneriffe another of these creatures, more than fifteen feet long, without counting its huge arms. This last was swimming or floating at the time on the top of the water, and a chase ensued, but without any further success than that of tearing off and securing some morsels of the fins and skin. Last year, however, during the tremendous storm of September, it seems that a complete specimen of a similar prodigy was cast ashore in Newfoundland. A description of it is given by the *Journal Illustre*, whereby it appears that it was no less than nine feet long and six feet in circumference, and had the arms or feelers covered with some 2,000 suckers of an inch each in diameter, two of the arms being as much as twenty-eight feet long. When the brute was first found it was still alive, and was glaring savagely with eyes which were literally like those of the fabulous dogs, as big as saucers, measuring five or six inches across. It was at this time of a dark red color, but in a very few minutes after being left high and dry it died, and the color both of its body and of its limbs at once faded away to a dull white. Only one thing is wanting to the account in the *Journal Illustre*, and that is a statement what became of the fish when captured, and where so valuable a curiosity is now to be seen on exhibition.

Comparative Value of Woods.

It is a great convenience to know the comparative value of different kinds of wood for fuel. Shellbark hickory is regarded as the highest standard of our forest trees, and calling that 100, other trees will compare with it for real value as fuel for house purposes as follows: Shellbark hickory, 100; pignut hickory, 95; white oak, 84; white ash, 77; dogwood, 75; scrub oak, 73; white hazel, 72; apple tree, 70; red oak, 67; white beech, 65; black birch, 62; yellow oak, 60; hard maple, 59; white elm, 58; red cedar, 56; wild cherry, 55; yellow pine, 54; chestut, 52; yellow poplar, 51; butternut and white birch, 43; white pine, 30. It is worth bearing in mind that in woods of the same species there is a great difference, according to the soil on which they grow. A tree that grows on a wet, low, rich ground will be less solid and less durable for fuel, and therefore of a less value than a tree of the same kind that grows on a dry and poor soil. To the ordinary purchaser oak is oak and pine is pine, but for home use, the tree grown on dry upland and standing apart from others is worth a great deal more.

A sack-sewing machine has been invented at Napa, Cal. It cost $3,000, and took the maker ten months to perfect it, but with two men it can turn out eight thousand sacks a day.

The Arms of Great Britain.

My young readers have doubtless often observed upon familiar objects, such as books, china and steelware, etc., the device of a lion and a horse (sometimes represented as a unicorn) supporting between them a shield, surmounted by a crown. On the shield are certain divisions called "quarterings," in one of which you will observe two lions and a horse. Attached to the whole is the motto, *Dieu et mon droit*,—French words, whose meaning is, "God and my right."

If you inquire, you will be told that this device is the "coat-of-arms" of Great Britain,—as the eagle, shield and olive branch is that of the United States,—and that all articles thus marked are of British manufacture.

In old times the national symbol of England was the rose, of Scotland the thistle, of Ireland the shamrock or clover. When England claimed Ireland and Scotland, these three were united on the British royal shield, as we find them in the time of Queen Elizabeth. On a victory over France, the symbol of France, a unicorn, was also added, the unicorn wearing a chain, to denote the subjection of France to England.

When a new sovereign succeeds to the crown, he has a right to place his own family coat-of-arms on the royal shield of Great Britain. George the First did this. The two lions and the white horse, which you see on one of the quarterings is the coat-of-arms of the Guelphs, who were dukes of Brunswick and Hanover in Germany. It is therefore called the arms of the House of Brunswick, and it is about this that I now design to tell you.

We read in history that when the great Charlemagne conquered the northern countries, one of the Saxon leaders, named Wittikind, refused to submit to him, and that, in consequence, many bloody battles were fought, wherein the Saxons bore in the van a tall pole surmounted by a wooden horse's head. This was their ensign; and when they afterward became more civilized, they retained the same emblem,—a white horse painted upon a black ground—which remains to this day the standard or banner of the little kingdom of Saxony.

In the year 861,—just about one thousand years ago,—Bruno, the son of a Saxon king, founded a city in Saxony which he called after himself, Brunonis Vicus, now known as Brunswick. He retained as the standard of Brunswick the white horse of Saxony, and thus it remained until the end of the three succeding centuries. About that time the reigning prince of Brunswick was a certain Henry Guelph, a leader in the Crusades, noted for his strength and daring which acquired for him the title of "Henry the Lion." This prince refused to own allegiance to the great Emperor of Germany, Frederick Barbarossa. He declared himself independent, and as a token of defiance set up a great stone lion in Brunswick, and had the same symbol placed upon his standard, two lions supporting a shield beneath the white horse.

Thus you know the origin of the Brunswick coat-of-arms. But how came the banner of a small German country to be adopted on the arms of Great Britain? This I will now explain.

About the yeas 1650, the then reigning Duke of Brunswick, afterward also Elector of Hanover, married the granddaughter of King James the first of England. Their eldest son was named George Louis. When, on the death of Queen Anne, the English were in want of a successor, they looked about among those nearest of kin to the royal family and decided to choose this great-grandson of King James I. Thus it was that George Louis Guelph—a Saxon German—came to be King George the First of England, and this was how the "lion and horse" arms of Brunswick and Hanover came to be also part of the arms of Great Britain. His successors were George the Second, George the Third, (against whose rule the American colonies rebelled), George the Fourth, William and lastly Queen Victoria, the present queen, who is grand-daughter to George the Third. Thus you understand how Queen Victoria is descended from the princes of Brunswick;—how she happens to be of German instead of English blood,—and why her name is Guelph.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Stinging Tree.

Though the tropical scrubs of Queensland are very luxuriant and beautiful, they are not without their dangerous drawbacks, for there is one plant growing in them that is really deadly in its effects—that is to say, deadly in the same way that one would apply the term to fire, as, if a certain proportion of any one's body is burnt by the stinging tree, death will be the result. It would be as safe to pass through fires as to fall into one of these trees. They are found growing from two to three inches high to ten and fifteen feet, in the old ones the stem is whitish, and red berries usually grow on the top. It emits a peculiar and disagreeable smell, but is best known by its leaf, which is nearly round, and having a point at the top, is jagged all round, the edge like the nettle. All the leaves are large—some larger than a saucer.

"Sometimes," says a traveler, "while shooting turkeys in the scrubs I have entirely forgotten the stinging tree, till warned of its close proximity by its smell, and have then found

The Centre Reporter.

D. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, Pa., Jan. 24, 1878.

The Danville, Ill., Banking and Trust Co. has failed.

Middleness & Co., of Montreal failed Liabilities $100,000, assets $30,000.

Maryland last week elected James B. Groome, dem., as U. S. Senator, in place of Mr. Dennis.

Ohio legislature last week elected Geo. H. Pendleton U. S. Senator, in place of Matthews, radical.

Col. Henry M. Hoyt, of Luzerne, seems to be the foremost man for the radical nomination for governor. The Camerons favor him.

The Maryland legislature has rejected Montgomery Blair's resolution for the reopening of the question regarding the legality of President Hayes' election. Although seated by fraud, we do not think that any steps will be taken to unseat the usurper.

Senator Edmunds has come over to the President's side, and will now be the administration leader in the senate. Hayes and Edmunds have come to a truce, and the administration will at last have a head in the senate. If Conkling and Edmunds clash, fire will fly.

The Lewistown Gazette objects to the Reporter's calling the stealing of the last ten years "Grantism." That is the proper term, of course, because the bulk of it was done under Grant's nose, in his cabinet, by his officials and with his knowledge. Tweed, to be sure, was a big democratic rascal, but he was cheek by jowl all the time with republican senators and representatives at Albany, and the democrats broke *that* combination by prosecuting the thieves. None of the thieves of New York are out on pardons from a democratic executive, but the great whisky ring that went to the jug for stealing millions are out through a pardon from Grant.

Advices from New York, say that coal stocks have been much depressed on account of a very important rumor that an injunction is to be served in New York preventing the formation of the coal combination. It is claimed that under the State laws of New York a combination to advance the prices of any stock is illegal, and upon that ground the Board of Control is to be attacked. The rumor caused Reading to fall and Lehigh Navigation also. The trunk line stocks also fell off, because it is reported that their prosperity is about to be affected by another outbreak of the railroad war in the shape of a general cutting of rates. Representatives of all the coal lines have been in New York holding another meeting, and it is announced that a combination acceptable to all parties has been effected. The Herald says the coal combination has put up the prices. Now let the people combine to put the prices down.

The dead lock in the legislature is broken at last, by the House caving in on 15 and agreeing with the senate that all business should be taken up and treated *de novo*, or as in a new session. This back down by the House was reached by a vote of 97 to 84.

The senate had put on a stiff upper lip in the matter from the outstart and went in for going over all the unfinished business of last winter anew. Our senator, Mr. Peale, stood with the minority, and was for proceeding where business ended at the previous adjournment. If this had been the sentiment of a majority of the senate, as it was of the House in the first place, the effect would have been that by this time the legislature could have nearly finished up its work, and made a short session of it, and saved the state a good deal of expense. As it is, nothing has been done—and they will now again go over all the unfinished work of last session, and to this course Mr. Peale was opposed. Outsiders and roosters inside influenced this action, so as to enable them to bring in new jobs, or get new axes on the stone. Mr. Peale stood in the minority but he was in the right.

Next fall's election in this state will be an important one, and the result will have a great bearing on the future political status of our state, as well as a telling effect upon party prospects in national politics. A Governor and Lieutenant Governor to serve four years are to be chosen; also a Supreme Judge to serve twenty-one years and decide the political complexion of the bench for the ensuing five years; a Superintendent of Internal Affairs; an entire Congressional delegation; one half the Senate to serve four years, and all the members of the House of Representatives to serve two. The Legislature chosen will elect a United States Senator, in place of Senator Cameron, for a full term commencing on the 4th of March, 1879.

Besides we have a full county ticket: Sheriff, prothonotary, treasurer, three commissioners, register, recorder, and three auditors.

Democrats will see the necessity of harmony and thorough organization, for the harvest is a big one, and it will require hard, earnest work, to carry the day. Petty bickerings must be laid aside and the good of the party in the nomination of honest and capable men must be the aim, and victory will follow.

On Wednesday of last week the women suffragists got a slap in both houses at Washington. In the Senate Mr. Edmunds introduced a resolution that "no motion shall be deemed in order to admit any person whatsoever within the doors of the Senate Chamber to present any petition, memorial or address, or to hear any such read, or to address the Senate, except as parties or counsel in cases of contempt or impeachment." That was indirectly a slap in the face; but the House took positive action in the same direction, by rejecting, by a vote of 107 against 140, the proposition of Judge Kelley to hold a special session of the House for the purpose of allowing certain ladies to make oral argument at the bar of the House in favor of the proposed Constitutional amendment to prevent discrimination against *citizens* on account of sex.

Now let these petticoat tramps go home and attend to such duties as belongs to their sex. Their creator as little intended they should have a vote as that they should sport moustache and beard. Women that will loaf around Washington during the sessions of congress button-holing members on the woman suffrage question, have far less of the lady about them than those who stay at home and see that their household affairs are properly attended to—is the opinion of the Reporter.

THE SILVER QUESTION IN CONGRESS.

In a former article on this subject, there are a few typographical errors in figures, which the reader will easily discover and correct. Before and at the time of the Revolution, the standard of money in this country was silver. But the colonies and states under the confederation had issued large quantities of paper money and made it a legal tender in the payment of debts of every kind. The country becoming overflooded with the paper issue, it soon depreciated, bringing ruin on the people. When the delegates met and formed the present Constitution of the United States, they incorporated in the Constitution the prohibition that "no state should coin money, emit bills of credit, or make any thing but gold and silver coin a tender in the payment of debts; and to enable congress to furnish this legal tender coin and circulating medium for the people, it is declared that congress should have the power to *coin money*, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin and fix the standard of weights and measures." After the adoption of the Constitution, the congress of the U. S., 1790—91, in fixing the standard of money in the United States, and finding that silver coin was the only circulating medium, declared that the dollar of the United States should contain 371¼ grains of pure silver, and this was the standard according to which all contracts had been entered into. In furtherance of carrying out this provision of the Constitution in 1792, Congress established the mint of the U. S., and fixed the gold dollar to contain 24¾ grains of pure gold, and the silver dollar to contain as we have stated, 371¼ grains of pure silver, both to be struck at the mint; and fixing the relative values of the two metals of 1 to 15 was considered to be the ratio which would establish an equivalent currency, circulating indiscriminately and they should be a legal tender in payment of debts. Provision was also made for the circulation, value and re-coining of foreign coins. Large importations of foreign coins were continually arriving in the United States and became part of our circulating medium, giving to the people a silver and gold currency of intrinsic value at all times and under all circumstances—thus establishing the federal money standard of the United States, viz: 10 mills one cent, 10 cents one dime 10 dimes one dollar, 10 dollars one eagle; placing the currency of the country in a sound and healthy state and establishing an immutable equivalency between gold and silver for the purpose of increasing the specie circulation. We find in the report of R. B. Taney, Secretary of the Treasury of the U. S. under President Jackson, dated 15 April 1834, he recommends "that foreign gold and silver coins be made a legal tender in the payment of debts, according to their intrinsic value—that the laborers would be paid in gold and silver as they are most apt to suffer from worthless or depreciated paper," &c. And Secretary Taney further says, "it is apparent that gold and silver coin can be provided for the ordinary circulation below ten dollars, it would be advisable to extend the restriction to bank notes of that denomination, for we can never be safe from the fluctuation of the currency, until all notes below ten dollars are banished from circulation," as silver was better known to our citizens than gold, especially to the great body of the laboring people, was more convenient for small payments, and was less liable to be counterfeited, it would be unwise and unjust now to enact a law, the effect of which would be to further expel all the silver coin from the country or debase it of its relative value, when the American currency of gold and silver have circulated interchangably. In our former article we referred to the act of Congress concerning the gold coins of the U. S., approved 28 June 1834. this is the first act, as far as we can ascertain, that overvalued gold and undervalued silver, and what was the effect? here we have it, four months after the approval of the act, The N. Y. Advertiser, of the 30 Oct. 1834 says, "This gold bill is beginning to work, *one hundred thousand American silver half dollars were* purchased at 1 per ct. premium *for exportation*, this is probably the first movement of the *outward* tide; the inward current of gold has stopped." We thus see that the regulations of government have an influence upon the relative market value of the two metals, and may drive either metal out of circulation, and this overvaluation of gold has driven the silver coin out of the country, and inflicted upon us a flood of one dollar notes and fractional currency. This insidious scheme of establishing a gold standard by undervaluing the silver coin and driving it out of the country, has been on its march since 1853, until we have seen in 1862 the fluctuation and speculation in our gold coin; a gold dollar was quoted at $2,81, being *one dollar and eighty one cents* above its real standard value, *our* the American *silver dollar* which had been exported from this country to Europe where its intrinsic value as billion was at a premium; and so congress will find that it is better to leave the relative value of the two metals to be adjusted by competition of the market, than to attempt to fix them by a law, as no human law can establish any fixed proportion between any two commodities in existence. Look at the financial and commercial situation of our country since 1872, from a state of prosperity and activity in all branches of domestic industry, at one fell swoop we find ourselves in a more deplorable situation, manufacturing establishments and other sources of industry forced to suspend operations, thousands of laborers thrown out of employment, real estate reduced nearly one half in value, the public press groaning with Sheriff's sales all over the country, money at usurious interest, and ruin and bankruptcy staring every one in the face. The passage of the resumption act to return to specie payments and make gold the legal standard, give the impetus to this premature move, agravated by the calling in, cancelling and destroying the legal tender, greenback and other paper currency. Until the people cry aloud for a repeal of the Resumption act, a return to the free use and unrestricted coinage of the dollar of our daddies and restore it to the position it held as a legal tender during eighty years of our existance, preserving the equality of the silver dollar with the gold dollar and keeping both in circulation, paying the bondholders in coin according to their contracts, then, and not till then, can we look for our former days of prosperity. And we rejoice that our talented and vigilant U. S. Senator, Hon. W. A. Wallace, has placed this question in a nut shell, protecting the people against peculation and fraud.

Simon has not yet got rid of the widow Oliver. He gave her $1000 in payments of $500, whereupon it was reported that the suit for breach of promise was compromised. The widow denies the compromise and says the cash was given her for her support. The suit is still on the calender and is to go on. Ben Butler is to defend Cameron.

The next radical nominee for Governor may be from Centre county—and then it would be Gen. James A. Beaver. There are two wings in the party in this state, Cameron and anti-Cameron. The first has dominated for the last fifteen years, the other wing being insignificant in numbers up to the last two years, since which anti-Cameronism has grown to be so formidable in the party that it can no longer be ignored and something must be done to harmonise the machine. It is thought that Cameron will not insist on having one of his old henchmen put in nomination, but will be satisfied with a candidate who has not been conspicuously identified with the Winnebago tribe nor with the faction that has been opposing him. In case the affair takes this kind of a turn Gen. Beaver will be a formidable candidate for the nomination as he would fill that kind of a bill. The radicals might do much worse—Gen. Beaver would make a much better governor than many of the prominent aspirants who have been running with the machine. But there is going to be a change in Pennsylvania, and no radical, be he Beaver, or Hoyt or some other machine politician, is going to be the next governor, and the worst beat of all will be one tainted with Cameronism. The democrats will carry this state next fall, with a standard bearer whom the people will have confidence in, and for whom they will cast their votes. Gen. Beaver is about the best man the rads can nominate, but he will not match the democratic nominee. Mark that.

The great question before the legislature this winter is the free pipe line—a bill for the right of way to lay down pipes to conduct the oil from the wells to Baltimore. This would cost much less than shipping by rail, and would cut down the oil trade of the railroads enormously. The railroad companies, as well as Philadelphia and other cities that have oil refineries, will fight the bill. The railroad companies because it would cut into their receipts, and the oil refineries allege that from Baltimore the crude oil would all be shipped to Europe for refining to the detriment of our own refineries. The pipe line to Baltimore would be the shortest line to transport oil from the oil regions.

The Pipe Line Question is being brought to the attention of the State's lawmakers, and they will no doubt be called upon to determine whether companies shall be authorized to obtain the right of way to lay pipes for conveying oil from points of production to points of exportation, instead of being carried over the railroads. The only reason, if it can be called a reason, that can be urged against it, is that it will take just so much freight from the railroads. While it may be urged in favor of it, that transportation will thus be greatly cheapened, and the numberless consumers will get the benefit. But this is a view in favor of the people, who usually come off second best in a question of this kind before the Legislature. We'll see whether this be an exception to the rule.

Senator Peale has been appointed on the following committees: Federal Relations, Local Judiciary, Education and Retrenchment and Reform.

A COFFIN FILLED WITH BRICKS.

The laborers now engaged in cutting a road through Union Cemetery, near Myrtle Avenue Park, Brooklyn, found in lot 10, row G, a white wooden coffin. The sides of the coffin fell out, exhibiting, instead of a skeleton, sixteen bricks which were held firmly in place by pieces of lath and hoops. The officers of the cemetery were puzzled to account for this.

Mr. Thomas Brown of 192 Rivington street, who has charge of the New York office of the cemetery, said yesterday that the coffin which was found to contain bricks was put in the grave in June or August, 1865. The undertaker was Frederick Frise of 14 Avenue A.

"Frise, when he took that coffin to the cemetery," said Mr. Brown, "thought that there was the body of a woman in it. I am sure that it was a woman, with a name something like Switzler."

Mr. Brown thinks that it was a case of imposition on life insurance companies. Such cases have occurred before, and there is a woman now in Sing Sing prison who practiced a similar deception.—N. Y. Sun, 10.

——The Harrisburg Patriot expresses our sentiments that if managers of those institutions who every winter come to the Legislature for an Appropriation, ranging from $1,000 up to $500,000, were compelled to give an itemized statement under oath of every dollar expended, when, where and what for expended, there would be less appropriations asked for and that some would rather do without the appropriations than be compelled to tell how every dollar was expended and what for. No doubt of it.

Two more Mollies were arrested on Tuesday for committing a murder 7 or 8 years ago. Let the hand of the hangman be upon all of them.

Gold fell to 101¼ last Saturday.

Tilden has won his income suit.

The prevalence of small pox in Huntingdon has caused the closing of the schools.

It is related that Senator Conkling was waylaid in the corridor of the senate the other day by a large group of female advocates of woman suffrage, and was forcibly entreated to permit them to appear at the bar of the Senate and plead their cause. Mr. Conkling said it would be setting a precedent under which the Senate could not refuse to allow any one with a petition to appear at the bar and argue on the subject, Mrs. Hooker: "We represent 8,000,000 of citizens of the United States who are basely defrauded of their rights. You are a man who have your rights, and we ask and demand of you that you help us to get ours." Mr. Conkling said he was always glad to help the ladies in everything. Then some twenty of them in chorus said, "Give us our rights." Poor Mr. Conkling nevertheless stoutly refused, and gradually edging his way into the Senate with very low bows, at last disappeared within its door with one very profound bow.

HOW FAR TEN DOLLARS WILL GO.

Mr Brown kept boarders. Around his table sat Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Andrews, the village milliner, Mr. Black, the baker, Mr. Jordan, a carpenter, and Mr. Hadley, the flour and lumber merchant. Mr. Brown took out of his pocket book a *ten* dollar note and handed it to Mrs. Brown, saying:

"Here, my dear are ten dollars toward the twenty I promised you."

Mrs. Brown handed it to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying:

"That pays for my bonnet."

Mrs. Andrews said to Mr. Jordan, as she handed him the note:

"That will pay for your work on my counter."

Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, the flour and lumber merchant, requesting his lumber bill.

Mr. Hadley gave the note back to Mr. Brown, saying:

"That pays ten dollars on my board."

Mr. Brown passes it to his wife, with the remark that that paid her the twenty dollars he had promised. She paid it to Mr. Black to settle her bread and pastry account, who handed it to Mr. Hadley, wishing credit for the amount on his flour bill, he again returned it to Mr. Brown with the remark that it settled for that month's board; whereupon Mr. Brown put it back into his pocketbook, exclaiming that he "never thought a ten-dollar bill would go so far."

THE TURCO-RUSSIAN WAR.

Philippopolis Evacuated by the Turks and Burned.

London, January 15—A great battle was fought on Monday between Tatar Bazardjik and Philippopolis. Fighting was resumed to day. Suleiman Pasha afterwards took up positions nearer Philippolis, and ordered the inhabitants to leave town. Russians having reached Tchirpan, south of Yeni Saghra, and are marching on Yeni Mahalgre.

Philippopolis is completely evacuated and the Turks ordered it burned. The Turkish fleet has shelled Sebastopol.

The Dying in Erzeroum.

A correspondent of the Daily News, who left Erzeroum just before its investment, telegraphs that the town is now little better than a huge hospital. About a hundred soldiers die daily and two or three are frozen to death every night. Typhus fever is raging. As the corpses buried are barely covered with earth the consequences must be terrible when the thaw commences.

Suleiman Pasha is said to be surrounded by Russian troops in large force, in his rear, on the flank and in front.

London, January 18.—A Russian official dispatch dated Kezanlik, January 16, says: "A reconnoitering party of dragoons has brought information that Suleiman Pasha is at Philippopolis and has given orders to burn everything. Tartar Bazardjik and Philippopolis are reported to have been burned."

An official account of the capture of the Shipka Pass relates that four Pashas, 280 officers, 25,000 prisoners and 81 guns were captured. The Russian loss in killed and wounded was 5,404 men. The Standard's Vienna correspondent says it is reported from Constantinople that should armistice negotiations fail the Porte will unfurl the flag of the Prophet or permit the English fleet to pass the Dardanelles.

Peace negotiations are going on

The victorious Russian forces have entered Adrianople, and the Turks burned their provisions before leaving the city.

It was reported that on Monday last an armistice was to have been signed.

Part of the Russian terms are that Kars, Erzeroum and Adrianople be dismantled and the opening of the Dardanelles to Russian and Turkish men of war only, also cessation of territory on Asian frontier nearly as far as Kars.

VICTOR EMANUEL'S FUNERAL.

Impressive Services—A Grand Pageant.

Rome, January 17.—The funeral of the late King Emmanuel took place to-day and was very impressive. The body of the dead monarch was placed on the funeral car at nine o'clock in the morning, and the procession started from the Quirinal about ten o'clock and was headed by fifteen military detachments with three bands and clergy bearing tapers. The car used at the funeral of King Charles Albert of Sardinia, Victor Emmanuel's father, was used on this occasion. It was surrounded by an iron crown, the ancient diadem of Lombard Kings, which was brought from Monza for the occasion. The car was preceded by Lieutenant General Medici, the late King's first aid-de-camp, mounted, who bore the Palestro sword sheathed. The car was surrounded by the guard of honor and special representatives delegated by foreign courts. It was followed by Victor Emmanuel's favorite horse, riderless, military banners and a guard of honor, eighteen detachments of civil dignitaries, ministers, Senators, and Deputies and Knights of Annunziata. This part of the procession was one mile long. Besides this there were 2,700 deputations from all parts of Italy, numbering each from five to seven hundred. The entire procession except General Medici was on foot.

From the Quirinal it moved by the Piazza di Spagni to the Piazza del Popolo, thence down Corso nearly to the end, and to the Pantheon, where it arrived about four o'clock. The Ecclesiastical service was confined to simple absolution and benediction, pronounced by Monsignor Gorni, Archbishop of the Chapter of the Church. The stone, which is to be placed in the chapel, destined for the King is a simple slab, bearing only the words, Victor Emmanuel, the first King of Italy." It stood between the high altar, and the altar of St. Anastasius, on the right as the Pantheon is entered. Over the gateway of the Pantheon was the following inscription: "Italy, with a mother's pride, with a daughter's grief, supplicates for the great King, who was a faithful citizen and a triumphant soldier, the immortality of the righteous and the heroic."

The procession was one hour and a half passing a given point. Costumes in officia portlon, including soldiery, were magnificent, and the effect of the spectacle was heightened by the display of seventy tattered banners. The Crown Prince of Germany, with representatives from Austria, Portugal and Baden, walked abreast. The effect of the music in the procession was most impressive. The Pantheon was splendidly decorated as the Chapelle Ardente; daylight was excluded by the star of Italy veiling the roof. The side of the chapel of Clemont XI. was walled in, and draped with gold and crimson.

The Pantheon in which Victor Emmanuel is buried, stands at Rome in a Piazza between the Corso and the Piazza Navona, near the centre of the ancient Campus Martius. It was erected by M. Aggrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus, nineteen centuries ago, and was consecrated in 608 as a Christian church under the name of Sancta Maria del Martyrs. In shape the building is a rotunda, 143 feet in diameter, surrounded by a dome, the grandest in existence, and of which the summit is 143 feet above the pavement. In the centre of the dome is a circular opening 28 feet in diameter, by which the building is lighted. The most remarkable feature of the Pantheon, however, is its Corinthian portico, composed of sixteen granite columns. The Pantheon contains the tombs of Raphael, Annibale Carracci and other celebrated painters.

AUSTRIA'S CLAIM IN DETAIL.

London, Wednesday, Jan. 16, 1878.

Reuter's telegram from Constantinople says the following are the views expressed by Austria here and at St. Petersburg: Austria desires the maintenance of the Treaty of Paris. She also wishes to prevent Russia from gaining a preponderating influence. Austria will never renounce her position as a guaranteeing power.

The question relative to the political autonomy of Bulgaria and other conditions affecting Austria's interests as a frontier Power, and in fact, the settlement of conditions of peace, cannot be permitted without the participation of Austria.

The foregoing declaration has been communicated by Count Zichy, the Austrian Ambassador to the Porte. Lord Derby made a similar communication to St. Petersburg on Monday. Nevertheless, it is believed that no previous understanding existed between Austria and England. It is stated that Russia has not yet communicated her terms of peace to Austria. Notwithstanding the attitude of Great Britain and Austria, it is expected that complications will be avoided and that Russia will arrive at an understanding with the Powers.

A later dispatch from Constantinople states that Count Zichy in delivering the declaration of Austria's views, said it did not constitute a new phase in Austrian policy, but was merely the reiteration of the reserve already expressed by Count Andrassy in reply to the Porte's circular relative to mediation.

——A new golden tongue organ, warranted, offered very low, for half cash and half trade. Apply at this office.

Nearly all the Clarion county oil wells have stopped drilling.

COFFEE RAISING AT HOME.

Which Would Put the Breakfast Table Beyond the Reach of Tariff.

General Le Duc Believes It Possible—An Idea.

Washington, January 9.—The Department of Agriculture has obtained some facts in relation to coffee and the possibilities of its cultivation in the United States. It appears that the conditions of latitude, climate and soil of a portion of the United States lead to the conclusion that the coffee plant, or tree, can be cultivated to some extent in this country with successfull results. The total imports of coffee into the United States for the year 1876 amounted to 339,780,246 pounds, and cost the people of the United States the ssm of $56,788,997.

It has been established by the best authorities on the subject that great warmth is of climate not absolutely essential to the growth of the coffee plant, but a climate characterized by neither extreme heat nor cold, but possessing a fair amount of humidity. The climate and soil of Florida, there is every reason to believe, would answer these conditions. So it is also with Lower California and a portion of Texas. This belief is rendered almost a certainty by the authentic statements that in these regions, at least Florida and California, there is found growing in abundance a wild coffee plant with many of the characteristics of the cultivated plant. In California the experiment has been tried of planting the berry of coffee obtained from Costa Rica, and the results are reported as satisfactory.

The coffee of commerce comes chiefly from Brazil, Venezuela, Hayti, the British and Dutch East Indies, the West Indies, and Mexico. The plant growing in these countries (caffea Arabica) is a tree from eight to twelve feet in height, sometimes attaining a height of twenty and thirty feet. When cultivated, its upward growth is checked by topping, for convenience of gathering the fruit. The plants are grown from seed in nurseries, and when a year old are set out. They are in full bearing the third year, and continue so for twenty years, or longer, if properly attended to. The plant is an evergreen. While it is cultivated throughout the tropics, it is a native of the mountainous regions of Abyssinia, and derives its name from Caffa, one of the provinces of that country. From Abyssinia it was introduced into Arabia, and for a long time Arabia supplied all the coffee that was then used. Some time in the seventeenth century it was introduced into Batavia and Surinam, and thence into the Western Hemisphere.

The shrub is planted in warm situations, generally on the slopes of hills, and in soil which does not retain the rains which fall on it.

It is usual to plant about 900 trees to the acre, and the yield of a good season, and of this number of trees in full bearing, is about 2,000 pounds of coffee.

The Department proposes to investigate further the conditions of soil and climate essential to the growth of the coffee plant, and its adaptability to portions of the United States, and respectfully requests any information or suggestions in regard to the same.

TERRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

Twenty Persons Killed and Twenty-five Wounded.

Hartford, Conn., January 15—A serious railroad accident occurred on the Connecticut and Western railroad, just below Tariffville, about ten miles from Hartford, at ten o'clock to-night. An express returning from a Moody and Sankey meeting at Hartford fell through a trestle into the Farmington river. Two engines, one baggage and three passenger cars went down. From five to twenty persons were killed and twenty-five injured.

THREE HUNDRED HEAD OF CATTLE BURNED.

Terre Haute, Ind., January 13.—This evening one of the large cattle sheds in the stock yards of Fairbanks' distillery caught fire and was destroyed. The building contained eight hundred Texan and Colorado cattle, the property of Isaac Wexeland & Co., of the stock yards in Chicago. Three hundred of them, worth $40 each, were burned. They were partially insured in Chicago.

"The United States Life-saving Service," liberally illustrated; "The City of Mexico," with twenty different engravings; "The Artificial Production of Cold," with a dozen good pictures; "From Stone hammer to Breech-loader" illustrated with about forty good engravings, are some of the brilliant and highly instructive articles contained in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for February, now ready. In addition there are a number of excellent Short Stories by popular authors; the continuation of "The American Countess," by Etta W. Pierce; a beautiful chromo frontispiece, illustrating a Parisian marriage fete of eighty years ago, with interesting descriptive matter; Scientific Notes and so forth, in almost endless variety.

Each number of the Popular Monthly has 128 pages quarto, and 100 very interesting illustrations. It is without doubt the cheapest and one of the best and most popular magazines published in the English language.

Send in your subscriptions to begin with the January number, and commence the new volume, as also the new serial story, "The American Countess."

Annual subscription price, $3; single copies, 25 cents—postpaid. Address,
Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl Street, N. Y.

The Lord-Hicks marriage presents a question in the pathology of the human mind, namely, whether a man who has reached the ripe old age of eighty years and an experienced widow of forty-eight may not love with all the fervor of a bachelor of twenty five and a tender maid of eighteen. It is not in order for any man to speak to this question until he turns his eightieth year. As for the gentler sex, they are privileged, and may talk whenever they will.

Pemberton, an eminent Judge in the reign of Charles II., rose to legal eminence in a curious way. A rake and spendthrift, he found himself in prison, for years, for debt. There he began to take an interest in all the debt difficulties of his companians, and became perfectly versed in bankruptcy law, whence he turned his attention to other legal study, and at length emerged from prison primed with precedents and cases, which he speedly turned to valuable account.

Trial List—Second Week.

R F Clow use of vs Derby Coal Co et al.

L W Munson vs J H Morrison.

Wm Bands Ex'rs vs Gilliland & Hoover.

Harper Bros vs J V Thomas & Co.

Samuel McWilliams vs H H Mothersbaugh.

J Z Long vs H Merriman et al.

Wm Campbell & Sons vs E McCormick et al.

J A Cryder vs H W Hoover.

Sarah From vs John Ardell.

Daniel Durst vs Adam Krumrine.

James Gates use of vs C H Kephart.

Ives, Murphy & Grove vs A C Hinton.

T R Quick et al vs A C Hinton.

Jacob Mantaus et al vs J W Rhone.

Wm Brown vs Michael Meyers.

Commonwealth of Peuna vs Dolly Swires et al.

Adam Kreps vs J G & M Packer.

Thos K Henderson vs John H McMonagle.

Lazarus Moyer vs Funk & Weber.

D S Dupree & Co use of vs Silas Blowers.

James Hanna vs Jacob Sankey et al.

John P Dehaas use of vs H H Lucas.

M L Loitzel vs J H McCormick.

Job Williams vs Thos M Way & Son.

John S Gray et ux vs L A Shearer.

Jas C Williams use of vs Jacob Meek.

D J McCann vs Wm H Jones et al.

First National Bank of Lock Haven vs B F Troxel.

B Spotts vs J J & A Pifer.

S Silkmitter use of vs H W Moover.

That old Brick Building at 6th and Market in Philadelphia where Wanamaker and Brown STARTED to earn a good name by making ONLY Real Good Clothing is this year "Full and running over with that kind of Clothing that Men and Boys may DEPEND ON Please Call W & B OAK Hall.

STOVES! HEATERS! RANGES!

Hardware! Hardware!! Hardware!!!

WILSON & M'FARLANE,

Bellefonte, Penn'a.

Have just received and placed on Exhibition and Sale, at their Stores no less than

Fifty-Three Varieties and Styles of Cook and Parlor Stoves,

Single and Double Heaters, Portable Ranges, &c., embracing all the latest improvements, newest makes, styles and novelties in the market, combining all the desirable qualities, such as beauty, durability, convenience and economy. They have the only Portable Ranges that will bake in BOTH OVENS for sale in the county. ENTIRELY NEW.

Every Stove WARRANTED in every particular.

LOWEST PRICE and satisfaction guaranteed.

Our stock of

Hardware, Tinware, Oils, Pure Leads,

and PAINTS cannot be excelled for variety, quality and cheapness.

EVERYBODY IS REQUESTED TO CALL whether wishing to purchase or not.

Special Bargains for Cash Buyers!

12jul.tf WILSON & McFARLANE, Humes' Block, Bellefonte.

FOR ALL FIRST CLASS

Pianos, Organs & Sewing Machines

CALL AT THE STORE ROOM OF

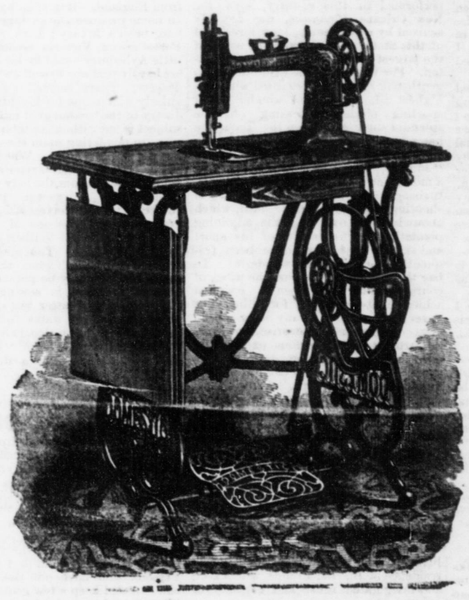
BUNNEL AND AIKENS,

Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Penn'a.

THE PLACE TO GET GENUINE

Needles, Oil Attachments, Parts, etc.,

For All Kinds of Sewing Machines.



Second hand Instruments and Sewing Machines taken in exchange for New Ones. Second hand machines for Sale, from $5.00 to $20.00. Machines to rent.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

IF your SEWING MACHINES are out of order, bring them to BUNNELL & AIKENS, and have them thoroughly adjusted by a practical Mechanic. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SHEET MUSIC AND MUSIC INSTRUCTORS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Sheet Music ordered when desired. One dozen Needles sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents. Remember the place.

BUNNEL & AIKENS.
EAST ALLEGHENY ST., BELFTE.

CENTRE HALL

Hardware Store.

J. O. DEININGER.

A new, complete Hardware Store has been opened by the undersigned in Centre Hall, where he is prepared to sell all kinds of Building and House Furnishing Hardware, Nails, &c.

Circular and Hand Saws, Tennon Saws, Webb Saws, Clothes Racks, a full assortment of Glass and Mirror Plate Picture Frames, Spokes, Felloes, and Hubs, table Cutlery, Shovels, Spades and Forks, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Sash Springs, Horse-Shoes, Nails, Norway Rods, Oils, Tea Bells, Carpenter Tools, Paint, Varnishes.

Pictures framed in the finest style.

Anything not on hand, ordered upon shortest notice.

Remember, all goods offered cheaper than elsewhere.

Fashionable Dressmaker.

The udersigned respectfully announces her New Dressmakers Establishment in the house lately occupied by John H. Miller. All kinds of family sewing neatly done. Charges reasonable. Hoping by merit the patronage of the people of Centre Hall and vicinity by turning out neat and durable work. MRS. HARVEY SMITH. 20sept tf.

WM. P. M'MANUS, Attorney at-law Bellefonte, Pa. Office with Jas McManus, esq 28jul'tf

D. F. FORTNEY Attorney at Law Bellefonte, Pa. Office over Rev. Reynolds bank. 14may'6y

THE SUN.

1878. NEW YORK. 1878.

As the time approaches for the renewal of subscriptions, THE SUN would remind its friends and wellwishers everywhere, that it is again a candidate for their consideration and support. Upon its record for the past ten years it relies for a continuance of the hearty sympathy and generous co-operation which has hitherto been extended to it from every quarter of the Union.

The DAILY SUN is a four-page sheet of 28 columns, price by mail, postpaid, 55 cents a month, or $6 50 per year.

The Sunday edition of The Sun is an eight page sheet of 56 columns. While giving the news of the day, it also contains a large amount of literary and miscellaneous matter especially prepared for it. The Sunday Sun has met with great success. Postpaid $1. 20 a year.

The Weekly Sun.

Who does not know The Weekly Sun? It circulates throughout the United States, the Canadas, and beyond. Ninety thousand families greet its coming large weekly, and regard it as the best guide, counsellor, and friend. Its news, editorial, agricultural, and literary departments make it essentially a journal family and the fireside. Terms One dollar a year, post paid. This price, quality considered, makes it the cheapest newspaper published. For clubs of ten, with $10 cash, we will send an extra copy free. Address PUBLISHER OF THE SUN, New York city.

New Store Room AND NEW STOCK.

Fall and Winter Goods IN Great Abundance AT WM. WOLF'S IN THE New Bank Building.

A Full Line of GENERAL MERCHANDISE, carefully selected, and embracing all manner of DRESS GOODS, CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, GROCERIES, GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE, TINWARE, FISH, &C., &C.

Furnishing Goods OF AL KINDS.

NEW AND CHOICE INVOICE OF CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES.

Full line of Hats and Caps For Men, Boys and Children.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN Call and be Convinced that this is the Cheapest place to buy goods in this section.

PRODUCE received in exchange for goods.

Rememdrr the place—in the New Bank Building, opposite the Old Stand.

HO! FOR SPRING MILLS!!

Stoves! Stoves!

TINWARE!!

HARDWARE!!

A full line of all kinds of Stoves.
A full line of Tinware.
Hardware for all, Coachmakers and Mechanics included,
At the New Store of
6septf THOS. A. HICKS & BRO.

NOLAN & M'ALISTER,

MERCHANT TAILORS,
Centre Hall, Pa.

Business stand upstairs in the building formerly occupied by the Centre Reporter.

Will furnish gentlemen with clothing, made to order, of the best material that can be bought in Philadelphia or New York. Long experience in the business at Bellefonte enables them to turn out first class work in all respects. 6dec3m

NEW YORK WEEKLY HERALD.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

The circulation of this popular newspaper has more than trebled during the past year. It contains all the leading news contained in the Daily Herald, and is arranged in handy departments, The Foreign News embraces special dispatches from all quarters of the globe, together with unbiassed, faithful and graphic pictures of the great War in Europe. Under the head of American News are given the Telegraphic Despatches of the week from all parts of the Union. This feature alone makes The Weekly Herald the most valuable newspaper in the world, as it is the cheapest.

Every week is given a faithful report of Political News, embracing complete and comprehensive despatches from Washington, including full reports of the speeches of eminent politicians on the questions of the hour.

The Farm Department of the Weekly Herald gives the latest as as well as the most practical suggestions and discoveries relating to the ulties of the farmer, hints for raising Cattle, Poultry, Grains, Trees, Vegetables, &c., &c., with suggestions for keeping buildings and farming utensils in repair. This is supplemented by a well edited department widely copied, under the head of The Home, giving recipes for practical dishes, hints for making clothing and for keeping up with the latest fashions at the lowest price. Letters from our Paris and London correspondents on the very latest fashions. The Home Department of the Weekly Herald will save the housewife more than one hundred times the price of the paper,

One Dollar a Year.

There is a page devoted to all the latest of the business markets, Crops, Merchandize, &c., &c. A valuable feature is found in the specially reported prices and conditions of The Produce Markets.

While all the news from the last fire to the Discovery of Stanley are to be found in the Weekly Herald, due attention is given to Sporting News at home and abroad, together with a Story every week, a Sermon by some eminent divine, Literary, Musical, Dramatic, Personal and Sea Notes. There is no paper in the world which contains so much news matter every week as the Weekly Herald, which is sent, postage free, for One Dollar. You may subscribe at any time.

The New York Herald in weekly form,

One Dollar a Year.

Papers publishing this prospectus without being authorized will not necessarily receive an exchange.

Address,
New York Herald,
Broadway & Ann St., New York. 20dec8t

PENNSYLVANIA RR.

Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, May 13, 1877, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWRD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	11 55 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	4 25 a m
"	"	Montandon	6 37 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 35 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	9 40 a m
"	"	Renova	10 55 a m
"	arr at	Erie	7 35 p m
NIAGARA EX.	leave	Phila.	7 30 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	10 05 p m
"	"	Montandon	12 20 p m
"	arr at	Williamsport	2 20 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	3 25 p m
"	"	Renova	4 40 p m
FAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia	11 00 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 35 p m
"	"	Montandon	6 15 p m
"	arr at	Williamsport	7 30 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 40 p m

EASTWARD.

PACIFIC EX.	leaves	Lock Haven	6 30 a m
"	"	Williamsport	7 45 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 08 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 00 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 45 p m
DAY EX.	leaves	Renova	10 10 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 30 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 55 p m
"	"	Montandon	1 47 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 10 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	8

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd. Jan.'24, '78.

☞ TERMS.—$2 *per year, when paid in advance;* $2.50 *when not paid in advance. Advertisements* 20cts *per line for three insertions, and* 5 *cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.*

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 *cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of* 20cts *as formerly when paid by themselves.*

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Roe l jan '75" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1*st of January,* 1875, *and that it is time he was paying the printer.*

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 808, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLILAND, Sect. H. F. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 357, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. J. A. FLEMING, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 58, P of H, meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 1 P. M. and every two weeks after. Leonard Rhone Master. O. W. BOAL, Sect.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Sale, large farm stock of E. M. Shuey, near Fillmore, 6 Feb.

——Mr. Jos. Peck sold his dwelling house and blacksmith shop to the Long Bros., of near Madisonburg. Joseph intends moving to Kansas and try farming.

——Mr. George Gramley sold his farm to Jacob Gephart of Madisonburg, for the neat sum of $4800.

——It is reported that some fifty Union county families intend moving west next spring.

——The Slifer, Walls & Shriner Mfg. Co., of Lewisburg, is getting up a hay-rake for the Paris Exposition that will exceed anything in way of finish that has yet been produced by Lewisburg mechanics. All the iron and steel work is heavily nickel plated, and the wood work is fine walnut inlaid with the whitest ash. It is varnished as smoothly and brilliantly as a mirror.

——A panther attacked a little daughter of John Campbell's about a mile above Julian Furnace, Centre county. She succeeded in getting away by leaving her clothes in its possession which were torn off her. It is thought her screams frightened it off.

——B. E. V. RR.—At a meeting of the stockholders of Bald Eagle Valley RR., held in Lock Haven on the 15th instant, the following were chosen: President, Hon. L. A. Mackey; Directors, Thos. A. Scott, C. A. Mayer, A. C. Noyes, James Gamble, A. G. Curtin. Secretary and Treasurer, Wm. Wilson.

——No other remedy has proved so effectual in relieving Coughs and Colds as Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

——A silent mill-feed has been invented by A. F. Winkleblech of Aaronsburg, which is simple, cheap and said to work to perfection. It feeds fast or slow and in this regard is regulated by the momentum of the stones, a point gained which is said to be possessed by no other mill-feed.

——The Dexter King Spring is the cosiest thing for a buggy out. Already 4,000 of them have been sold. Read advertisement in another column.

——You can always get any thing you want in the line of groceries, fresh, good and cheap, at Sechler's.

——Wilson, the *Dead* swindler, one of whose confidence letters we published in last week's Reporter, has been arrested. A long list of names of parties in Pennsylvania and other states, were found in his possession. Let him have 20 years in the penitentiary.

——Newman wishes to inform the public that he is now actually selling overcoats at cost. Go for them.

——The subject of the item below, from the Williamsport Bulletin, is a daughter of Rev. Bennington, formerly of this place. Miss Bennington also taught school here: "The acquital of Miss Mollie E. Bennington—though not officially announced—of assault and battery in punishing a mischievious boy in her school at Newberry, is generally approved by the public, and cannot fail to have a salutary effect on the public schools of the city. School government must be maintained, or there is an end to that discipline so essential to the success of the educational department. While there may be a diversity of opinion regarding the propriety of corporal punishment, there can be little doubt of the impropriety of dragging this young lady before the court for applying the birch to the back of what has been shown to have been a refractory pupil.

——There is no better remedy for a cough or affections of the throat and lungs, asthma, croup, and the earlier stages of consumption than F. P. Green's Compound Syrup of Tar, Honey, and Blood-root. Ask at your stores for it, or send to Green's at Bellefonte. It is a truly valuable remedy.

——Millheimers are now talking about having horse cars from Coburn station to their towns. With iron bars spiked on wooden rails, as in the early days of railroading, this might do. These iron bars were ¼ and ⅜ inch thick, and 2¼ to 4½ inches wide, and it could be constructed for about $6,000 per mile, distance 2½ miles—total $15,000. Two cars, one for freight and one for passengers, would do the traffic, and might cost $3000—total $18,000 for roadbed and rolling stock. Interest on this at 6 per cent., would be $1080; wear and tear, annual average 3 per cent., $540; four men to run horse cars, would cost at least $1200 per year; four horses $560; feed &c., $300. This would require the road to earn $8720 to pay interest on construction and expenses for running road annually, without yet leaving profit to stockholders, which should be at least 6 per cent. additional to leave them a fair profit—or in other words, the gross receipts should be about $6000 per year to pay operating expenses and leave a fair profit to the stockholders. Now the thing for our neighbors at Millheim to consider, is, will it pay? Suppose there were an average of six passengers per day, at 50 cents per head from Coburn to Millheim, would be say $1000 per year. Then the next question is will there be enough of freight traffic to make up the $5000? Let's calculate—teams now charge 60c per ton from Coburn to Millheim, at which rate it would require 10,000 tons of freight, at 50c per ton, which is high. This would be close to one thousand tons per month, or say an average of 39 tons per day. Now we question very much whether there is one quarter that number of tons received and sent from Coburn station, and much of that would be hauled by wagons, even if there should be a tram-road built, which would lessen the amount to be carried on the horse-cars.

Allow that our estimates are too high, cut them down to one half, and then see whether it would pay.

——Never miss the most interesting place in Bellefonte, when you go there, farmers and housekeepers. We mean Sechler's grocery in the Bush house block. It is worth while to see their stock and the variety of it. Their assortment is as complete as any grocery can be, and none in the county competes with them for variety, and low prices.
Published by Request.

Extract from report of Committee on Resolutions at the meeting of Centre County Pomona Grange, P. of H., held at Centre Hall, January 15, 1878:

Resolved, That we regard the failure of the compilers of the recent history of the Industries and Institutions of Centre county, to present to their readers any account of the organization of the order of Patrons of Husbandry, as either an inexcusable blunder, or evidence of a prejudice which shows their unfitness as historians. In either case we feel that their act of omission calls upon us to prove our existence by the steadfast maintenance of the principles of our beloved order and their exemplification in the presence of the people. *Signed by the Committee.*

JANUARY COURT—GRAND JURORS.

Spring— Wm. Poorman, Jas Tressler.
Ferguson—J W Campbell, Jno Bailey.
Saml Harpster, Jas Krape.
Bellefonte—J Bartruff, J P Zimmerman
H Twitmire.
Union—P H Bush.
Burnside—S Dixon.
Boggs—A C Witherite, J M Lucas,
Wm Poorman.
Philipsburg—O Hancock.
College—Gr Lytle.
Potter—John Arney, G. Durst, jr.
Unionville—B Rich.
Benner—H Sampsel.
Walker—H C Snavely, S Goodhart.
Haines—Wm Bower.
Penn—D S Kerstetter.

Traverse—1st Week.

Gregg—S J Herring.
Milesburg—D Boileau, C Cook, A T Boggs.
Union—H Hoover, W A Peters.
Benner—D Kerlin, J H Fishburn.
Unionville—N M Hall.
Spring—R D Null, S Lyon, G Kaufman
Bellefonte—G A Bayard, H A Williams, Geo Wolf, J Curtin, J Klinger.
Philipsburg—S Fleck, C A Falkner, A Adams.
Potter—Wm Allison, H P Sankey, J H Miller.
Hallmoon, A Stine.
Liberty—H A Snyder.
Walker—Mich Shafer, B F Vonsda, B F Winkelman.
Harris—B F Brown, H Frederick, S B Stover, A H Hosterman.
Curtin—W Wentzel.
Ferguson—F Bottorf.
Snowshoe—A C Hinton.
Miles—J Kinney, U Shafer, Aust Gramley, S Kleckner.
Penn—Wm Mauk.
Rush—D R Chandler, Wm Peechdal.
Howard—J W Gardner, F Confer.
Haines—Jerry Haines.
Taylor—John Fink.
Howard—F Confer.
College—Jas Glenn.

Trial List—First Week.

Alexander Loder vs J A Cryder.
E L Winn vs M Max.
John Biggleman vs J A Cryder.
R B Hartman vs Wm Condo.
Chas McCafferty use of vs Tobias Grew.
L C and S C RR Co vs E W Sweeny.
L C and S C RR Co vs Geo B Jack.
L C and S C RR Co vs Wm Bradford.
L C and S C RR Co vs James Osman.
J P Bullock vs T M Hall.
Schmidt vs T M Hall.

——Last Saturday night, about midnight, three stables were burned at Bellefonte. The one was occupied by Hicks Bro's, and in it three horses were burned one of the animals was gotten out alive, but so badly burned that he was shot to end his misery. One of the other stables was occupied by Howard Spangler, as a livery. Mr. Spangler's horses were only driven out with the greatest difficulty, but 5 or 6 of his sleighs were burned, also several buggies, and his large Mountain Echo wagon. The harness was saved. The fire was the work of an incendiary, and was in the heart of the town in a locality that was closely built up with stables. It is owing to gallant services of the two fire companies that the spread of the fire was checked and a terrible conflagration prevented.

Howard Spangler's loss is about $500, which is covered by an insurance of $300 to $400. Mr. Hicks also had an insurance on his two horses, the other horse belonged to Mr. Eaton.

——We have heard enough of persons hurrah for Newman, to make any man governor of the state. The reason is because he has sold Clothing so low this winter. If it were not for the Eagle Clothing Hall, clothing would be 40 per ct. higher now in this county. To the philanthropic Newman let all praise be given for this, and let every man in the county encourage him by purchasing Clothing of him. "Hurrah for Newman!" we say too, for he has gone to get married.

About two years ago, or over, Mr. Christian Hager, who was the owner of a tract of land and a sawmill in Sugar Valley, left Lock Haven some time in the afternoon for home, a distance of 12 or 14 miles. Nothing was heard of him until about ten days ago, when two hunters found his bones on the Sugar Valley mountain. In his decayed clothing was found one hundred and forty dollars, the bills were so weather beaten and rotten that they could scarcely be handled. On the bone of one of the fingers was found a silver ring, on which were the initials "C. H." By this ring it is positively known that the wearer was Christian Hager. At the time of his disappearance, various stories and predictions were afloat speculative of the event. It was known that he had gone to Lock Haven for money, and it was also known that he had gotten it, and by many it was supposed that he had been robbed and his body buried. By others it was supposed that he had left the country, as it was known that financial troubles were weighing upon his mind. But now the mystery is solved. What caused his death is, of course, not known. It is said that his life was insured for $10,000.

— Sechlers have just opened a new supply of groceries. If you want fresh teas, sugars, coffee, syrup, fruits, confectioneries, crackers, dry beef, ham, cheese, beans, soap, spices, best pure vinegar, York state apples, dried peaches of the very best, canned fruit all kinds of the choicest, and a thousand of other good useful, wholesome, pure, and cheap articles. Sechlers is the place to go to for them.

—A lot of new cane bottom chairs just received at Kamp's furniture rooms, Centre Hall. Offered cheap. Go and see them.

——All kinds of stick candy are manufactured at Kauth's Bellefonte bakery, where confectioners can buy their candies fully as cheap as in the city.

——Capt. Hunter, of Halfmoon, informs us that his tobacco crop turned our fair, and next summer he will put out double the number of acres. Lycoming and Clinton counties had a crop last summer estimated at one million pounds.

——D. F. Taylor has been appointed post-master at Lemont.

——A number of subscribers complain that neighbors much better able than themselves regularly borrow the Reporter and read it. That's wrong, the Reporter is a good, readable paper, and borrowers should take the hint—subscribe and pay for it. This would enable them to sleep sounder and dream sweeter.

A GOOD OFFER.—A pair of handsome 6x8 chromos is offered as a gift to every one that will send fifteen cents (postage stamps taken) for a three months' subscription to Leisure Hours, a mammoth 16 page (64 column) family paper, filled with the choicest literature, stories, poetry, etc, by the ablest writers. The papers sent will contain the opening chapters of a charming story entitled "Holden with the Cords," by the author of "Shiloh," "My Winter in Cuba," etc. To induce every one to send for this short subscription—which is offered at half price—the publishers, J. L. Patton & Co., 162 William Street, New York, offer free the pair of chromos—which are excellent pictures and worthy to adorn any home. Money will be returned to any one not satisfied that they do not get twice its value. $1,500 in prizes is given free to agents.

MUSICAL CONVENTION.

A Musical Convention will be held in Salem's Church, Pine Grove Mills, Centre county, Penn's, to commence Monday, February 4, 1878, and to continue five days, under the leadership of John A. Weaver and Wm. T. Meyer.

Three sessions each day. Books furnished free. Accommodation free.

Convention to close with Two Grand Concerts, Friday and Saturday evenings.

All lovers of music are cordially invited to attend. Persons coming from a distance will stop at the church where a committee will conduct them to boarding places. Accommodation free.

Admission to Term——
Admission to each Rehearsal——
Admission to Concert, 25 cents.

Family Tickets to be had from the Committee. By order of the Committee.

GEORGE ECKLE, JOHN L. MUSSER,
JAMES KRAPE, JONATH. HESS,

SPRING MILLS ITEMS.

The telegraph is now in full operation. Hicks & Bro. have changed clerks—Chas Greist who is every inch a gentleman has taken the place of Geo. Eaton. Long may the firm flourish. Mr. Clevenstine, of Hublersburg has started a shoemaker shop in Mr. Long's saddler shop, as he knows how to make good soles he should advertise in Reporter. Mr. Stebbins' lecture on Kansas was satisfactory and has given some the fever, but they will get over it by March. Our school is improving under the control of Prof Wm. A. Krise; he has a large school and the scholars think highly of him. The coal trade seems to be as lively as ever—there is much limeburner's coal shipped to this point. Quite a lot of pork changed hands here last week—the most at $4.60 per hundred, some at $5.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Benj. Peters, late of College twp, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement.

SAMUEL GILLILAND,
AUSTIN DALE,
jan24 Administrators.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature now in session to pass an act repealing the Act of Assembly approved the 28th day of April, A. D., 1868, entitled an act to "Incorporate the Wolf Run Improvement Company" in Centre county. 17jan 4t

ANNUAL STATEMENT.

Office of the F. M. F. Ins. Company of Centre County, Pa.

Centre Hall, Jan. 14, 1878.—In compliance with the provisions of their charter the Twentieth Annual Statement of the transactions of the Company is herewith presented:

ASSETS.

Bills receivable being premium notes due and payable by members for insurance the past year.	$19,938 51	
Paid on same.	372,46	
Leaving due on premium notes taken the past year.		19,566 05
To which add cash in the treasury.		170 46
Making the total available assets of the past year,		19,736 51

EXPENSES.

Compensation of directors.	128 15	
Salary of Secretary.	150 00	
" Treasurer.	50 00	
Printing, rent, postage and stationery.	89 50	
Letter press.	6 00	
Election board.	5 00	
Chas. Warner on barn.	188 00	
Henry Krebs on thresher.	30 00	
State Insurance tax.	25 00	
Expenses instituting suit against J Durst	6 25	
Total accruing assets and funds of the Company the past year after deducting expenses.		677 90
		19,058 61
To which add notes of 1873, '4, '5 and '6.		118,930 40
		137,988 01
Minus notes expired and cancelled, cash premiums, and tax of '73.		6,630 53
Total available assets of the Company this day.		$131,358 48
Risks and insurances taken the past year.	241,659 36	
Same reported for previous years.	1,336,448 88	
Making the risks of the Company this day.		1,578,108 24
Due the Company from agents.		646 96

At an election held the same day the following named members were elected directors for the ensuing year: J. W. Krumreine, J. W. Campbell, Henry Keller, Asa. Baker, Fred Kurtz, John Rishel, Maj. J. B. Fisher, S. J. Herring, Amos Alexander, J. H. Musser, Sam'l Gramly and J K. Hosterman. Whereupon the board organized and elected the following officers:

President—Henry Keller.
Vice President—S. J. Herring.
Secretary—D. F. Luse.
Treasurer—Henry Witmer.

D. F. LUSE, HENRY KELLER,
3t Sec'y. Vice Pres't.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors, and all others in any way interested and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Centre county, on Wednesday, the 30th day of January, A. D. 1878, for confirmation and allowance:

1. The account of D. M. Wagner, guardian of Clarissa A. Hamer, late Clarissa A. Thompson, minor child of William A. Thompson, late of Centre county, deceased.
2. The account of Sarah H. Chrisman, executrix of etc., of Adam Crissman, late of Snowshoe township, deceased.
3. The account of Wm. P. Wilson, guardian of the minor children of Emeline Sheats, formerly Lucas, late of Union twp. deceased.
4. The first and final account of Joseph Bitner, guardian of John Dashem and Mary L. Dashem, children of Jacob Dashem, deceased.
5. The account of Jonathan Musser, guardian of Carrie A. Kepler, deceased, a minor child of Jacob Kepler, late of Ferguson township, deceased.
6. The account of W. C. Beatty, administrator of &c., of John Beatty, late of Marion township, dec'd.
7. The second account of J. P. Gephart, trustee appointed to sell the real estate of Daniel and Mary Hastings, late of said county, deceased.
8. The final account of J. P. Gephart, trustee appointed by the Orphans' Court to make sale of the real estate of Jacob S. Awl, late of said county, deceased.
9. The first partial account of John and Nathan M'Closky, executors of Joseph McCloskey, late of Curtin township, dec'd as filed by John McCloskey.
10. The final account of Joseph G. Carson, admistrator of &c, of George Carlin, late of Potter township, dec'd.
11. The account of J. H. Brown, guardian of Nora C Green, minor child of John Green, late of Snowshoe twp., dec'd.
12. The account of J. H. Brown, guardian of Maggie B. Green, minor child of John Green, late of Snowshoe twp., dec'd.
13. The second and final account of Edward F. Lloyd and Austin J. Montgomery, trustees of estate of Hardman Philips, deceased.
14. The final account of J. G. Meyer, guardian of the minor children of Magdalene Meyer, deceased.
15. The account of John Q. Packer, administrator of &c., of O. P Forringer, late of Curtin township, deceased.
16. The first and partial account of Geo. H. Harkins and John Harkins, administrators of &c., of William Harkins, late of Potter township, deceased, as filed by John Harkins, one of the administrators.
17. The account of Rebecca Jodon and Lewis Edgar Jodon, executors of &c., of Francis Jodon, late of Spring township, deceased. WM. E. BURCHFIELD.
8jan *Register.*

Where to Go and How to Go West!

2,000,000 acres of land for sale cheap in the garden of the West. For circulars, maps of Kansas, full information as to best Railroads to travel on, Tickets, Freight Rates, etc., apply or write to

WM. SHORTLIDGE,
Agent Atchinson, Topeka & Santa Fe RR.
20dec 3m Bellefonte, Pa.

Valuable Farm
AT
PRIVATE SALE!

The undersigned offers for sale his farm in Potter township, Centre county, one mile east of Centre Hall, known as the Robert Pennington farm,

Containing 146 ACRES,

in good state of cultivation, no hills but gently rolling, most all limestone land, about 125 Acres cleared, balance woodland near the buildings. Upon the farm are a large BANK BARN,

Frame House, Nearly New,

of modern style, Hog-pen, Smoke houses etc., Two Apple Orchards on the farm, water piped into the house-yard and into barn yard. The farm is well fenced, and one mile from blacksmith shops stores, churches. The terms will be made easy.

Bounded on east by lands of late Sam'l Huston, south by lands of late Wm. Keller, west by Keller and Bible, and north by Bible and Huston. Also ninety-six acres of mountain land.

Address or apply to
ROBERT A. MEANS,
Lewistown,
Mifflin county, Pa.
24dec3m

Four children of Samuel Hoffman, of Cambria county, have died of diphtheria in two weeks.

MARRIED.

On the evening of the 10th, inst., at the house of Henry Eckenroth, Esq., Pleasant Gap, by Rev. J. K. Miller, Mr. Joseph Brooks to Miss Caroline C. Shawley, both of Huntingdon county.

On 15, at Rock Hill, by Rev. Stover, R. B. Triester and Miss Lydia Zettle, both of Centre Hill.

On 25, ult, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. W. M. Landis, Mr. Wm. J. Musser of Orangeville, Ill., to Miss Jennie M. Wolf, youngest daughter of Thomas Wolf, Esq., of Wolf's Store, Brush Valley.

On 17, inst, by Rev. Tomlinson, Mr. J. L. Runkle, to Miss Fannie Emerick, both of Potter township.

On—, David Geary, of Penn, and Miss Mary L. Dashem, of Potter.

In George's Valley, Jan 22, by W. E. Fischer, Mr. William Erhard, of Old Fort and Mrs. Hannah Jamison, of Spring Mills.

DEATHS.

On the 22nd ult., at Howard, Centre county, Mr. John Glossner, aged 49 years, 1 month and 6 days.

On 15, near Potter's Mills, Miss Ella Henny, aged 18 years, 7 months and 20 days.

On 22, at Madisonburg John Guiser, aged about 70 years.

At his residence, near Hublersburg January 11 1877, of dropsy, after an illness of six weeks Adam Decker, sr., aged 81 years, 6 months and 24 days.

The thanks of the family are hereby tendered to the friends and neighbors for their many kind attentions and assistance before and at the funeral of the deceased. Every thing was done that kind hearts imagined necessary, and it is with grateful feelings that these kindnesses are acknowledged. WM. D.

In Lena, January 18, Jacob Grossman, aged 82 years, 2 months and 10 days.

Father Grossman was born in Potter township, Centre county, Penna, where he lived until 1849, when he emigrated to the far west settling in Stephenson county, Ill., being one of the first settlers. He did much toward improving the country, and especially in establishing the Lutheran Church of which he was a worthy member from the time he was 16 years of age—having joined the church of his choice in what is known as the Loop, where are many of his old acquaintances who will remember him as the leader of their choir there; but his voice is hushed in death. He has passed over the River and is now singing the anthems of the blest with the redeemed in heaven. S.

PUBLIC SALE! At the residence of the undersigned at Logan's Gap, 2 miles north of Farmer's Mills, on Thursday, January 24, 1878: Two Mares, one heavy with foal, two Cows, one Heifer, 3 Pigs, 13 head Sheep, 2 Horse wagon, 1 spring Wagon, Sled, Hayrake, Wind mill, 2 horse Cultivator, Cornplanter, Cornscraper, 1 single Cultivator, Plow, Harrow, Crupper Gears, single Harness, Saddle Collars, Bridles, and other articles too numerous to mention. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock. J. Neff, auct.
17jan WM. T. MAYS.

Valuable Farm
AT
PRIVATE SALE!

The well-known farm late of Rev. P. S. Fisher, dec'd, situate in Gregg township, Centre county, 1 mile west of Spring Mills rr. station, and at present occupied by Chas. Horner, is offered at privatesale. Consisting of

135 ACRES,

and one of the best producing farms in the valley. It has all necessary buildings, and the Barn is entirely new. It is under good fences, has good, heavy timber land, 2 good Orchards, and with Penns Creek running through centre of the farm, and has

An Excellent Mill Seat.

For further particulars apply to Maj. J. B. Fisher, Penn Hall, Pa. or to
C. P. W. FISHER,
jan 3 3t Boalsburg, Pa.

Candy Manufactory & Bakery.

Mr. Albert Kauth,
At the
BISHOP STREET BAKERY,
is now making the very best
BREAD, CAKES AND PIES,
in Bellefonte.

Candies and Confections.

He also manufactures all kinds of candies, and dealers can purchase of him as low as in the city. Candies of all kinds always on hand, together with Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Nuts, Syrups, Jellies and everything good.

CENTRE COUNTY OYSTER DEPOT.

An Excellent oyster saloon also attached to the Bakery. Call and see me. ALBERT KAUTH.
nov15

LEGAL NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of Pennsylvania during its next session, to have the second section of the Act of Assembly approved January 31st, 1849, erecting Henrysburg, in Centre county, into a borough, so changed as to secure a more equitable assessment of water taxes. jan17 5t

Grand Opening.

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

NEW STORE AT CENTRE HALL!

I. GUGGENHEIMER,

HAS JUST RECEIVED THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST ASSORTMENTS OF NEW

WINTER GOODS,

EVER OFFERED IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

MANY OF THEM 25 TO 50 PER CENT CHEAPER THAN EVER BEFORE!

CONSISTING IN PART OF STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, CARPETS, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS, BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, WINDOW SHADES, WALL PAPER, QUEENESVARE GLASSWARE, SPICES, GROCERIES, TOBACCO, SEGARS, FISH, BACON, SALT, &c.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS OFFERED TO CASH BUYERS.

Cloverseed,

TAKEN IN AND THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICES PAID IN CASH OR TRADE.
STORE IN THE,
OLD ROOM
CONNECTED WITH SPANGLERS HOTEL. 18dec

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the recipe for a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove Tan, FRECKLES PIMPLES and Blotches, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 3 ct, stamp, Ben. Vandelf & Co, 20 Aan St., N. Y.

To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address,
E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburg, N. Y.

TRANSPARENT TEACHING CARDS. Instruction and Amusement combined. Important to parents and teachers. 26 different artistic designs. The entire pack sent free for 25 cts, currency or stamps. Van Delf & Co. 20 Aan St., N. Y.

$57.60 AGENTS profits per Week. Will prove it or forfeit $500. New articles, just patented. Samples sent free to all. Address W. B. CHIDESTER, 216 Fulton St., New York.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence,
JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar St., New York.
24jan 4m

HARDWARE & STOVES. HARDWARE & STOVES.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.

We have a very large and complete stock of Hardware, the largest that was ever before offered by any firm to the people of this county, and are selling at the very lowest possible rates

Iron, Steel and Nails, Locks, Glass and Putty.

Pure White Leads and Linseed Oil; Turpentines and Varnishes, all which we warrant to give satisfaction. Our Pure Lead will cover as much surface as any in the market and cannot be excelled for whiteness. READY MIXED PAINT put up in any quantity to suit people, from one-pound cans to one gallon cans, all ready for use. These paints we warrant to be mixed with pure lead and oil, and are free from all adulteration.

MECHANICS TOOLS.—We pay special attention to this branch, and keep a full line of Saws, Chisels, Hammers and Bailey's Iron Planes; Horse nails of all kinds, Trace Chains, Hames, Etc. FULL LINE OF SADDLERY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. COACH WOOD WORK.—Spokes, Felloes, Patent Wheels of the most improved patents; Mrs. Potts' Improved Flat Irons, cheap, convenient and durable—polished and nickel-plated. Johnston's Prepared Kalsomine; put up in 5-pound packages; easily put on, and cheaper than paper. We have all colors.

STOVES.

We have the only Reversible, Top-plate Cooking Stoves in the market. The Keystone, Susquehanna and Juniata, which we warrant to be the best bakers and the heaviest stoves in the market, we will sell at the very lowest price and give written guarantees. Also all kinds of Ranges and other stoves. COME AND SEE OUR KEYSTONE COOK STOVE; IT IS THE HANDSOMEST IN THE WORLD.

2nd Week.

Philipsburg—E Reeder, J A Lukens.
Potter—J G Sankey, Wm Stiver.
Penn—Jacob Dutweiler, W P Caterman.
Benner—J Eckly, S D Swartz.
Spring—Morris Furey, John Null.
Howard—Jacob Holter, W Doughenbach
Bellefonte—F Smith, G F Brew, G M Swartz.
Patton—John Chambers, R H Stine.
Snowshoe—C F Cheeseman, J J Potter, H Witherite.
College—J G Irwin.
Gregg—D Runkle, E Fetterhoff.
Boggs—T Harvey, S Charles.
Burnside—S Fisher.
Marion—J H M'Cauly.
Milesburg—T Crawford.
Liberty—S Lingle, J W Toner.
Haines—M Fiedler.
Harris—A Hess.
Taylor—D Ganoe.
Ferguson—H C Campbell.
Houston—S Naxon.

Newspaper law says if a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrearages or the publishers may continue to send it until payment is made and collect the whole amount whether the paper is taken from the post office or not. Also, action for fraud can be instituted against any person, whether he is responsible in a financial view or not, who refuses to pay subscriptions due for a publication. A word to the wise is sufficient.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named persons have filed their petitions for license, in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace in and for Centre county and that application will be made at the next sessions of said court to grant the same:

John G Uzzle	Tavern	Snow Shoe twp
Perry H Stover	do	Penn twp
John Anderson	Saloon	Bellefonte
Abram Baum	Wholesale	do
Joel Kling jr	Tavern	Marion
Robert Taylor	Tavern	Philipsburg boro

A WILLIAMS, Proth'y.

Spring Mills Market.

White Wheat, 1 25.
Red " 1 25.
Rye, 50c.
Corn, ears, per bu. new, 45c
Oats, 25c.
Buckwheat, 75c.
Cloverseed, $4 25 to $5 00.
Chop, per ton, $23.00.
Plaster, ground per ton, $10.00
Potatoes, 30c. per bush.
Flour, per bbl, $7.
Butter, 20c.
Tallow, 7c.
Rags, 2c.
Eggs per doz., 20c.
Coal, Egg, per ton, $4.60.
" Stove, 4.60.
" Chestnut, 4.25.
" Pea, 3.00.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.—by Shortlidge & Co.

Flour per barrel, wholesale, $6 25.
" retail, $7 00.
White wheat, 1 20.
Red " 1 20.
Rye, 55.
Corn, shelled, 45
Corn, cob, 40.
Oats, 28 to 30.
Barley, rye weight, 55.
Cloverseed $4 50 per 64 pounds.
Potatoes retail, 40
Nova Scotia plaster, ground, 10 00.
Cayuga " $9 00.
Potatoes, 40.
Onions, 50c.
Butter, per lb., 22c.
Lard,
Bacon, sides, 10c.
" shoulders, 10c.
" Hams, 14c.
Tallow, 7c.
Rags, 2c.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS! Health and Happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessors, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use

WRIGHTS LIVER PILLS.

The only sure cure for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Bilious complaints and Blood Disorders. None genuine unless signed Wm. Wright, Phila." If your Druggist will not supply send 25 cts for one box to Barrick, Roller & Co., 19 N. 4th st, Philadelphia. 2jan 1y nr 3y

GET READY

FOR WINTER!!

IF YOU WANT THE VERY BEST AND CHEAPEST

PARLOR STOVES,

Buy the

"Laurel Wreath,"

(Single or DOUBLE HEATERS.)

These stoves have TWO ROWS of lights, shaking and dumping grate, arranged to clean out the clinkers. No danger from gas, no parts to burn out, so as to let gas into the upper room. We make THREE SIZES of Single and TWO SIZES of Double Heaters of these justly popular Stoves.

IF YOU WANT THE VERY BEST AND CHEAPEST

Cooking Stoves,

BUY THE

"ZENITH,"

Double Oven Range; or the

"Economy,"

Single Oven Range.

They are the best in the market, have SIX BOILER HOLES, shaking and dumping grate, APPLY THE HEAT TO ALL THE BOILERS AT ONCE. The oven is large and square, the doors tin-lined. The PLATES ARE HEAVY, unlike the light plates of city stoves—COMPARE THEM. We make a No. 8 and No. 9 of both these ranges.

All these stoves are WARRANTED, and you can get repairs from the Manufactory in one day.

For Sale by
J. A. REESMAN, CentreHall.
J. B. FISHER, Penn Hall,
SNOOK. SMITH & CO., Millheim.
G. R. SPIGELMYER, Woodward,

Manufactured by the
SLIFER, WALLS & SHRINER M'f'g Co.

LEWISBURG, PA.

We also manufacture the Celebrated *BUCKEYE REAPER & MOWER*, KEYSTONE CLOVER HULLER, COLE'S UNIVERSAL SULKY CULTIVATOR, New Model, Centre Draft, HORSE DUMPING HAY RAKE, HOOSIER GRAIN DRILL, BUCKEYE LEVER CORN SHELLER, Plows, Land Rollers, etc. 29nov

VALENTINES & CO.,

HUMES' NEW BLOCK, BELLEFONTE, PA.

ARE NOW PREPARED

For The Fall And Winter Trade.

Bargians Greater Than Ever!

WOOLLEN GOODS, COTTON GOODS,
Ladies and Gents' Furnishing Goods,

Of every description. DRESS GOODS, in great variety. LADIES COATS, finest and largest assortment ever brought to Bellefonte.

SHAWLS,
BLANKETS,
HATS,
CAPS,
CLOTHING,

IN FACT EVERYTHING AND ANYTHING.

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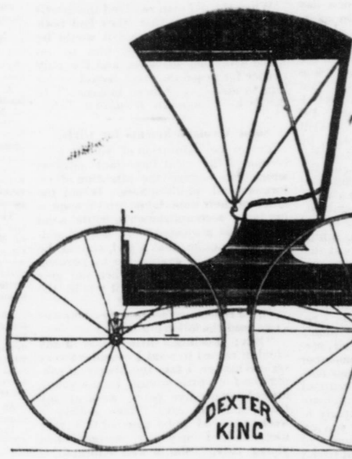

The Dexter Spring was a child of necessity. Three or four generations had been jerked almost to death or had their spines twisted into permanent curvature by the continous jerks of the Eliptic Spring, or latterly had their necks broken by the side throw of the Concord.

For these reasons the people demanded a Spring on which they could ride with ease and which would at the same time be strong and substantial.

For meeting this demand by supplying the CELEBRATED DEXTER SPRING which is so rapidly superceeding the old styles the Dexter Spring Co. have no apology to offer but rather feel that they owe the Driving Fraternity an apology for *not having* produced it sooner.

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BRICK FOR SALE.—First class brick will be kept on hand for sale by J. O. Deininger at Zerbe's Centre Hall brick yards. These brick are offered so low that it will pay persons at a distance to come here for them.

Intending to continue in the manufacture of brick they will be kept constantly on hand, and fair inducements offered to purchasers.
17 aug tf. H. E. ZERBE

——Lincoln Butter Powder, makes butter sweet and hard, and quicker to churn Try it—for sale at Wm. Wolf's store.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Jacob Sparr, late of Harris township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law for settlement.

DAVID E. SPARR,
DANIEL HESS,
20dec6t Executors.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President of the court of Common Pleas, in the 25th Judicial District consisting of the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield, and the Honorable Samuel Frank, and the Honorable John Direes, Associated Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 11 day of Jan., A. D., 1878, to me directed for holding a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte for the county of Centre, and to commence on the 4th Monday of Jan. being the 28th day of Jan. 1878, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen

A Farewell.

Farewell, days, and months and years;
Farewell, thoughts, and hopes, and fears;
Farewell, old delight and woe;
Farewell, self of long ago!
In the old familiar place
Time sped on at slower pace—
Past recall indeed you lie,
Days, and months, and years gone by,
Now the old familiar door
Shuts us out for evermore!

Farewell, house—no more our home;
Others, in the years to come,
Hither homeward will return—
On the hearth their fires will burn;
Children that we do not know
Gather round the blithesome glow;
Other feet will tread the stair,
Other guests be welcomed there.
We, whose home it was before,
Shall be strangers evermore!

May be, in the years to come,
Past the house our feet may roam—
Over all a subtle change
Will have stolen and made it strange,
And the house we leave to-day
Will have vanished quite away.
In this house's joy and care
We shall have no lot nor share;
All our life herein will seem
Like a half-forgotten dream.
We shall be as ghosts, that come
Ling'ring round their ancient home,
If our feet pass evermore
Near the old familiar door.

Farewell, days, and months, and years;
Farewell, buried hopes and fears!
Wheresoe'er our footsteps stray,
Whether long or brief our stay,
Whatsoever good we find,
Many graves we leave behind.
So, farewell, old joy and pain,
We shall never know again!
Farewell, all things that we leave!
Surely, life and warmth must cleave
To the house, when we are gone.
Can it empty seem, and lone,
When the echoes of the years,
Hopes and joys, and griefs and fears,
Scarce have died from roof and wall?
Surely, ghostly steps will fall
On the bare, dismantled floors,
Gliding in at open doors,
Flitting up and down the stair.
Will not shadows wander there—
Shades more vague than shadows are,
Or than ghosts that break death's bar?
Sure our wraiths, when we are gone,
Oft will haunt the chambers lone—
Come to seek (ah, ne'er to find!)
All the years we leave behind?
Farewell, house, for evermore!
Farewell, old familiar door!
Farewell, home—yet no, not so—
Home goes with us where we go!

THE FATAL RIFLE.

It was at the battle of San Jacinto that the rifle came to my notice. We Texans having gained advantage over the Mexicans—whose first discharge had been aimed too high—rushed on while our enemies paused to reload their guns. Each man reserved his fire for some individual, so that the struggle was less a battle than a succession of duels. Without bayonets, we broke our rifles against their heads, and, with pistol or bowie-knife in hand, trampled down the dying men, plunging our blades into the breasts of the few who opposed us, into the backs of those who fled.

We were still full of memories of the Alamo. Never could we forget how the Mexicans had slaughtered every human being within its walls, save three—a woman, a child and a negro—and afterward burned the bleeding bodies in one horrible pile.

The war-cry of our band had been: "Fight for your lives, and remember the Alamo;" and the poor Mexicans, who were, after all, but the slaves of a blood-thirsty tyrant, thought of it also, and moaned as they fell: "Me no Alamo! Me no Alamo!" hoping to establish a claim for mercy, on the plea that they had no hand in that horrible affair.

In the midst of this conflict I saw my college chum, Howard Rathbone, in instant peril. I rushed to his aid. Having broken his gun over the head of one Mexican, he found himself beset by another, who cried out that he would avenge his brother's blood. As they grappled, the Mexican tried to use his rifle as my chum had his. It was in vain. Howard was the stronger. In a few moments he gained possession of the other's weapon, and struck him a blinding blow. Then, his hands being freed, he drew his bowie-knife and plunged it into the Mexican's heart. Meanwhile the savage tide of fighting men poured past. This was a little conflict by itself. Hardly any one noticed it, there were so many others. But as he fell, the dying Mexican clutched the cloth of the soldier's coat in the grip of death, and dragged him down upon his breast, where for a moment he lay as one who had cast himself upon the breast of a friend. Only a moment; but ere he had freed himself these words had been hissed into his ears:

"I curse the gun! May it prove the curse of your life!"

As the Texan struggled to his feet, wrenching the dead clutch from his jacket, he felt inclined to cast the rifle upon the ground. At that moment it was too necessary to him. The next, he was a tiger again, beset by other tigers.

"Me no Alamo!" moaned a bleeding Mexican.

He struck him down.

"Mother!" cried a boy, into whose breast he had plunged his blade.

For answer, he drove his iron heel into the face that was hardly more than a child's.

* * * * *

Seventeen years had passed since the battle of San Jacinto, when I went to the house of my former chum to see his daughter marry. Soon came the rustic supper, the music of two fiddles, dancing, and plenty of drinking—too much, by far, but it was the custom of the country. At last the bridegroom's father, standing beside the father of the bride, glanced up at the rifle hanging over the chimney-piece.

"Some of the relics of your fighting times, I reckon," said he.

"Yes," said Rathbone, "yes, I took that from a Mexican rascal at San Jacinto."

"Well, well," said the other, regarding the weapon with curiosity. "Sort of singular looking, ain't it? I never saw a Mexican rifle before. Can't see much of it now—it's so high up."

He had been drinking a good deal and was in high spirits. The same might have been said of the old soldier.

"I'll have it down," said he, "and let you see it."

He mounted on a chair and took the weapon in his hands, the thongs by which it was slung remaining on their nails.

"Here you are, friend," said he. "And now you've got in your hand a rifle that may have been the death of many a brave fellow at the Alamo. It's seventeen years since it was in anybody's hands, and its last shot, mayhap, was fired as a kind of salute to my girl, your boy's bride, who came into the world on that day, her mother not knowing whether she was a widow or not. Eh, mother?"

"Ah! that's a day to remember," said the wife.

"Pa has got his gun down," cried the bride. "Sam, I never saw the gun down before."

As he spoke the other man gave the rifle back into Rathbone's hands, and he stood holding it.

"You don't dare to shoot me," cried the bride. "Ah! pa, you're not as brave as you used to be. You don't dare aim at me."

"Yes, shoot us," laughed half a dozen wild Texan girls. "Shoot us—shoot us—shoot us!"

"Then I will, my pretty robins," cried the father. "One, two, three—fly away or I fire!"

He aimed the weapon that had hung useless on the wall for seventeen years—the gun the Mexican had cursed—at his daughter. It was just as safe a thing to do, in one's opinion, as if it had been a broomstick.

"Who's afraid?" cried the girl.

"Now then, one, two, three," said the soldier. "Bang!"

As he uttered the childish imitation of the sound of firearms, it was drowned in a real explosion. The gun went off, and the bride dropped to the floor with a scream. A bullet had entered her temple. She was dead when they lifted her in their arms. It was plain that, seventeen years before, the Mexican who had owned it had not fired after reloading. His dying words had been fulfilled. His gun had proved a curse to its captor But how?

I am not willing to admit supernatural agency. I maintain the gun exploded in accordance with the laws of loading and of friction. If men would only try to trace mysterious events to their source, superstition would soon cease. For one, I believe nothing ever occurred which could not be explained. That this is not the common opinion, the narrator is well aware.

But amid all his agony and remorse, my old chum persisted in one statement: He had not pulled the trigger. Those who had watched him closely, veterans expert in the use of firearms, declared that he had not—that the rifle seemed to fire itself off. All that the father could say was: "The gun is cursed. The Mexican cursed the gun."

To comfort him, we all agreed it was so. Indeed, I am not sure but they all thought it. Inwardly, I resolved to ferret out the mystery.

The horrible accident nearly broke his heart. He had been a fine-looking, upright, middle-aged man when his daughter's wedding day dawned; when he arose from the bed on which a long and terrible illness laid him, he was bent like a patriarch of ninety, and his hair, from being brown and rich, was thin and white as snow.

As for the gun the Mexican had cursed, the soldier had never seen it since that day.

Strong in her tenderness for the father, even in her grief for her child, the mother had overcome her horror of the dreadful thing, and had carried it to the great garret. There she hid it in a lumber closet, so that it might not trouble her unhappy husband should his eyes ever look upon the things of this world again. He had never asked about it; he believed it had been destroyed. He did not know that the powder-horn and shot-bag hung beside it.

Again I was making my annual visit at the old homestead. It was a warm day, and my former chum had been afield since dawn. At noon his job was done, and the boys who had toiled with him followed him home, full of glee that their work was over.

"I shall take a nap, lads," he said, after dinner. "As for you, you can do the same, if you like, or go a fishing. There's plenty of trout in the kill, I'm told."

And as the boys both cried aloud that fishing was their choice, their father smiled upon them.

"Whatever troubles we've had, mother," he said, "we've two fine boys."

And he went to take his nap with a lighter heart than he had often had since the fatal marriage day.

But when he had fallen asleep, he began to dream strange, troubled dreams. He was at the battle of San Jacinto, and the Mexican's lips were at his ear.

"I cursed the gun." He heard again: "May it prove a curse to you!"

Other guns were firing all about them; he heard the noise, he smelt the smoke. Suddenly he awoke—the noise of the report of firearms was actually in his ears and he detected the odor of gunpowder.

He saw his wife on her knees in the middle of the room.

"What has happened?" he cried.

"I do not know," sobbed the poor woman.

"I heard a noise—I am frightened!"

Then they rushed together to the garret, whence came a sound of groans.

Meanwhile I had heard the boys go past my room and up the garret stairs, probably in search of fishing tackle. I called them back.

"Be careful, boys," I cautioned them, "about the lumber closet. There is an old gun in it that may be loaded. Don't go near it."

"All right," said Charlie. "Come on Will."

They went up stairs.

"Fishing is all very well," said the elder, but I'd like shooting better. What a pity father won't let us have guns."

He crossed the garret and opened the door of the lumber closet.

"Yes there the old thing is. I don't believe its loaded. What if it is? Reckon I know how to manage a gun!"

"Let's take it on the sly," said his brother. "Let it out of the window, and I'll carry it to the woods. There is the powder-flask and bullet-pouch, too. We can get some caps at the store, Charlie."

"A good idea," said Charlie, advancing toward the closet from which his brother came, trailing the gun after him. Neither of them guessed it was the weapon that had caused their sister's death "Let's have it, Will," said he, and took it. Suddenly there was a flash, a report, and a horrible scream from the little fellow, who fell forward on his face at the feet of the elder His prostrate form was what his wretched parents saw as we three rushed into the old garret.

The other boy stood, utterly unable to move, clutching the weapon that had caused all this.

"May God have mercy on us, it is the cursed rifle again!" cried the father.

Then the boy found words.

"I swear I did not load it!" he said. "I swear I did not touch the trigger!"

And still his brother lay dead at his feet.

On the night before, I had seen a sight that might have prophesied this tragedy. Would heaven I had told of it!

The kitchen clock was striking eleven. In a country house like that people go early to bed. The family had been asleep an hour. I was reading, but paused to listen to the striking of the loud-mouthed clock. As it ceased, I fancied I heard a footfall upon the stairs. I opened the door. Slowly the noise came nearer. It had the sound that can come only from a bare foot. The next second I saw my host, Rathbone, approaching me.

"You'll catch cold, old fellow," said I.

"Put on your coat."

To my surprise he answered not at all, but came slowly on.

Then I saw, for the first time, a somnambulist.

For a moment I hesitated whether to awake him. He was easily mortified; and my catching him in such a plight would prove disagreeable to us both. So I simply followed him.

He went on past my door, and up the stairs. At the garret entrance he stopped a second, then lifted the latch and entered. I was close behind.

Without the least hesitation he advanced to the lumber closet. I did not know the old rifle was there, and again I followed. The moonlight, streaming in through the chinks in the eaves and one broken window, made the dreary place quite light.

He turned the wooden button of the closet door, and drew out a powder horn. Then he brought out a bag of shot. And then—the fatal gun.

At once I remembered it. Who, indeed, that had ever seen it could forget the heavily chased mountings of silver, the grotesquely carved butt, the enormous barrel? With the recollection there flashed upon me such a horror as I had never felt.

Still, I was powerless to move. I tried to cry out. My tongue refused.

At last I found utterance. But in the brief moment I had thought of the consequences that must follow my awaking him. Here, evidently, was the precious secret kept so long—the clue to his daughter's death. No doubt the gun had been loaded before the fatal bridal day, in the same manner, and by the same man, in the same condition of somnambulism, as I saw it was being loaded now. The father was unconscious that he was really the murderer of his daughter. He knew the gun had gone off in his hands, but ascribed it to the Mexican's curse. Why should I undeceive him? Had he not sorrow enough? So I let him be. Shuddering, I saw him ram home the charge, then put the rifle back.

Was I not right? Is there any event so seemingly supernatural, so clothed in mystery, that chance cannot make it plain as any page of Nature's laws?

The old rifle is mine. It is gleaming at me even now.

"CHINATOWN."

How the Chinese Live in San Francisco.

A Chinese eating-house, writes a San Francisco correspondent, is usually three-stories. The first floor is for cooking, and the apparatus is very extensive. The second floor has tables for common folks. The third story is for grandees and distinguished people. The principal living is pork and chickens. The food is prepared in small saucers, and sells "two bits" (three shillings) for three dishes. A grand dinner was in preparation. The table was set for fifteen persons. Around each plate was a cluster of toy dishes, cups and glasses. The tea is steamed and then put into those tiny cups, and is said to be delicious. Amid the jargon of rude music the company, chattering like a cotton mill, sat playing cards and dominoes.

Lodging-houses swarm with Chinese of the lower order, like bees. From ten to fifteen persons occupy each room. They sleep on shelves, and are crowded into every imaginable place. The room reeks with tobacco and opium smoke. All sorts of labor are carried on in the room, where all people crowd. Chairs are mended, shoes soled, and the buzz of the sewing machine blends with other noises.

Joss houses are numerous. The principal temples are very costly. A carved, wooden image of Joss holds the place of honor over the altar. He squats—a regular Mongolian, with a huge black bead covering his breast. He would not make a bad likeness of Bacchus. The likenesses of Joss are similar everywhere. The ornaments are gold, and the paintings—red and yellow—would adorn a circus. The names of prominent donors are conspicuously posted up.

All Chinamen can read and write in their own language. They claim 30,000 words, and these are used as signs. An ordinary accountant can easily keep the books of the heaviest merchant. They count by means of a frame filled with buttons. It is something like a school frame for adding and multiplying. They use no pen and no figures. They can add up the heaviest sum with the velocity of thought on the machine. They run an account from $1 to $15,000 with surprising accuracy. Some of the localities of Chinatown are positively dangerous, even with an officer. Among these is High Binder's Lane, where murders are often committed. It is the abode of the desperate and daring. Their numbers are countless. They have trap doors for the unwary and refuges in which they hide from the officers of the law. They come upon their victim in droves, rob him, maltreat him, sometimes scar him with knives. They are out of sight in a moment. They look so much alike that no one can identify them. No Chinese was ever know to betray another or testify against him in court.

Hook's Practical Jokes.

There is a story told of Hook carrying off a splendid wooden Highlander from before a snuff shop, throwing a cloak round it, and thrusting it into a cab. "My friend," he said, addressing the driver, who looked rather astonished at the figure, "a very respectable man, but a little tipsy." Not even the passers-by in the street were exempt from his cool impudence. Observing a man of most pompous air strutting down the Strand, he stopped him with "I beg your pardon sir, but may I ask if you are any one particular?" Then, without waiting for a reply, he walked off, leaving the stranger transfixed with amazement. These, however, are but poor specimens of his effrontery. Strolling one day arm-in-arm with Daniel Terry, the actor, up a street in Soho, his nostrils were assailed by a most savory odor. Looking down an area, he saw the servants in the kitchen below dressing up a very fine dinner. "A party, no doubt," said Terry; "jolly dogs! what a feast! I should like to make one of them." I'll take a bet I do," replied Hook. "Call for me at ten." Leaving his friend, he mounted the steps and knocked at the door. Believing him to be one of the expected guests, the servant conducted him to the drawing-room, where a number of persons were already assembled. Making himself perfectly at home he had half-a-dozen people about him, laughing at his *bons mots*, before the host discovered that a stranger was present. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, addressing the uninvited one, "your name?—I did not quite catch it; servants are incorrect." "Smith, sir, Smith," replied the unblushing freedore, "don't apologize; you are quite right, sir, servants are great blockheads; I remember a most remarkable instance of their mistakes." "But, really, sir," interrupted the host mildly, "I did not anticipate the pleasure of Mr. Smith's company to dinner. Whom do you suppose you are addressing?" "Mr. Thompson, of course," answered Hook, "an old friend of my father's. I received a kind invitation from you yesterday, on my arrival from Liverpool, to dine with you to-day, family party, come in boots, you said." The host at once disclaimed the name of Thompson, or any knowledge of the vivacious Smith. "Good heavens! then I have come into the wrong house," exclaimed the hoaxer, "my dear sir, how can I apologize? so awkward, too, and I have asked a friend to call for me." The old gentleman, probably thinking so witty a personage would make an excellent addition to his party, begged him to remain. With a profusion of apologies, Hook at first pretended to decline—ultimately accepted. Everybody was delighted with him; all the evening he kept up a constant fire of wit and repartee, and ultimately sat down to the piano, and sang extempore verses on every one present. In the midst of these the door opened, and true to his appointment, in walked Terry, at the sight of whom, striking a new key, he sang:

"I'm very much pleased with your fare,
Your cellar's as fine as your cook;
My friend's Mr. Terry the player;
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook."

—*Belgravia.*

A Great Lawyer with a Weakness.

Luther Martin was one of the most famous lawyers of his time. He was a little above the medium height, and was slovenly in appearance. His dress was a compound of the fine and the coarse, and seemed never to have felt the brush. He wore ruffles at the wrist richly edged with lace after every one else had abandoned them. These ruffles were conspicuously broad, and were always dirty with tobacco juice. Judge Taney said that in his speech he used vulgarisms, and that he heard him say "cotch" him, instead of caught him, and we sot down, instead of sat down.

His genius was frequently clouded by the excessive use of strong drink. Being engaged in an important case, he promised his clients the day before the suit was to be tried not to drink any liquor. He retired to his room, but could not resist his desire for stimulants. He sent for a bottle of brandy and a loaf of bread, and after saturating the bread thoroughly with the brandy, he ate it, and his unfortunate appetite was satisfied, and he claimed he had kept his promise not to drink. He tried the cause in the ablest possible manner, but on being reproached by his clients for his virtual violation of his promise, he remarked: "I did not drink a drop; besides, say no more about it. Had it not been for the bread, I would have lost the case."

He had a paralytic stroke, and having squandered his large earnings at the bar as fast as they were acquired, in his old age, under the goadings of penury, he removed to New York, and received the hospitalities and kind attentions of Aaron Burr, whom he had ably defended at Richmond. Before his death the Legislature passed a resolution that every one on being admitted to the bar should pay one dollar cash for his use. He died on July 10, 1826, when he was eighty-two years of age.

The customs returns at New York show a large increase in the imports of Japanese goods, the trade between the United States and Japan having grown nearly three hundred per cent. since the Centennial exhibition.

He Went Behind the Returns.

Over one eye was a piece of sticking plaster as big as a street-car ticket, and one leg seemed to hesitate and hitch along as though a grain or two of gravel had somehow got into the knee joint and made trouble and dissatisfaction. His boots were as full of squeak as a boarding house rocking chair, and the heels were hedging around and trying to climb up and see what the pantaloons were made of. His eyes had a wandering, startled, half-frightened sort of look, and one of them seemed inclined to set up an observatory on its own account. His nose had started out boldly into the world, but after slight progress had thought better of it, changed his mind and scooted for home again. This movement had aroused the curiosity of the chin, and it sallied out resolutely to find out how matters stood. When they came within hailing distance, both organs seemed to take alarm at the hostile appearance of the intervening chasm of a mouth, and halted right where they were.

The man was very polite though awkwardly so, and pulled off his napless, rusty stove-pipe hat, with a springy, nervous movement, the instant he crossed the door-sill, and came forward with a crouching, hesitating air, seemingly fearful that his intrusion might be unwarranted. He came to a full stop with a bow that made his ribs rattle, and asked with a voice afraid to come out all at once:

"Is—the—editor—in?"

He was.

"Be—you—he?"

Such was the case.

By this time the man's voice had pretty much all got together, and poured out with confidence:

"No print is shut up from you. You're better acquainted with words than I am with my own relations. They can't fool you. The minute you clap your eyes on 'em you can call 'em by name, can't you? They don't get start of you much, no matter if they're as big as a hoss blanket, do they?"

Nary time they didn't.

"Then I'm in the right shop, and needn't go any further. I want you to help me out of a little mess. As we was sayin', you can't be fooled by anything in the word business. For instance, a word that hadn't no business in a verse couldn't ring in on you, could it? You'd collar it at sight an' pitch it out, an' chuck in the right one, wouldn't you?"

Most likely.

"Ah-hah! I thought so. Now we're comin' to the scratch. You see the trouble is just this, me nor my ole woman neither one has much book sense, but each one's got their own ideas, and we freeze to 'em tighter'n wax. If she says a thing's so, she'd lose every tooth in her head afore she'd back water; an' as for me, I'm purty much on the same stump. We've been married now risin' thirty year, and have grown children, but there's one pint that we allus knock our heads together on, an' its made us heaps o' trouble; we've skrimmaged over it year arter year, but we're no nigher gittin' it settled atween our two selves to-day nor we was the first year we was jined. We've wrangled and fussed, an' thrown up one another's relations, an' overhauled our failin's no end o' times, but no good; I'm satisfied now we never can settle it that way, an' as we're both old, an' there's no tellin' when one or t'other might drop off, I thought as it would be a mighty sight o' satisfaction to know afore that time comes who's been right about it all this while, an' it popped into my head that we'd leave it to an umpire, an' so git shut of it for good; an' so after talkin' it over last night, pro an' con, we've both elected you, and my business here now is to get your judgement on the question. An' what we want to know is, which is right 'them molasses,'' or 'those molasses?'"

When the old man received the mortifying information that they had both been in a fog, he said it would be downright purgatory for him to go home with that decision, and the only chance for peace on earth would be for him to stand by "those molasses" to the last.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

Solid Accomplishments for Girls.

The proper education of young girls is one of the most important subjects which can engage the attention of reformers and philosophers. Is not too much of their time taken up in acquiring fancy accomplishments, while solid learning is neglected? Is not the old-fashioned notion, that a girl, should be so trained as to enable her to perform the part of a housewife when she gets married, as sound now as it was in the days of our grandmothers?

These reflections necessarily occupy us as we read the following letter:

"SIR: Feeling a little uneasy in my mind in regard to what I consider a very serious matter, I take the liberty of asking you for a little advice, I am a young man of twenty-five years, work at my trade, and can earn fifteen dollars a week; engaged to be married to a very nice, and, I may say, accomplished young lady. She is well educated, a good singer, fair performer on the piano, etc., but, I am sorry to say, no housekeeper. She has never cooked a meal of vitnals, cannot iron a shirt, or do anything in that line. And, as I will not be able to hire a servant to do these things, which I think a poor mechanic's wife ought to be able to do, I am sorely distressed. Advise me if you can, and you will greatly oblige J. W. D."

We sympathize with our troubled correspondent, and agree with him that no woman is fit to be the wife of a mechanic on fifteen dollars a week who cannot cook his meals and iron his shirts. Though she may sing melodiously and get a good deal of music out of a piano, these accomplishments do not supply the place of domestic knowledge and experience. She is too expensive an ornament for a poor man to possess.

Her parents have brought this girl up unwisely, if they have not taken pains to fit her for the duties she was likely to be called on to perform. It was all very well to teach her to sing and to play the piano, but her mother should have seen to it that she also learned to cook and to iron. Properly pursued, the art of cookery may occupy the finest minds, and a girl situated as we judge our correspondent's sweetheart is should be early inducted into its mysteries. A great deal of domestic unhappiness is caused by bad cookery, and a neatly laid table with appetizing viands will usually bring peace and harmony into a home.

A poor man's wife ought to know how to make his household comfortable, and she cannot do that by drumming on the piano or singing at the window, while the pot boils over on the stove, and the meat burns on the gridiron. So far from seeming the offices of housewife beneath her, she should rejoice at the opportunity her marriage gives her to perform them. While her husband is off at work, earning the bread for her and their children, she should be concocting the dishes which their means allow and which appeal to his taste, and setting the domestic establishment in order against his coming. If, when he gets home tired and hungry, he finds everything at sixes and sevens, and the table provided only with soggy potatoes and juiceless meat, while his wife is hammering the piano, he is apt to say cross things, and all reasonable people will make excuses for him, though husbands should always do their best to keep their tempers.—*New York Sun.*

A Groaning Tree.

Quite a sensation has been created in the Amity Church neighborhood, Clark county, Ala., by a pine tree which groans like a human being in distress or dying. A number of persons of both colors visited the place on a recent Sunday to hear the doleful sound. With the colored people, the interest in the mysterious sounds is enhanced by the fact that the tree stands hard by a large graveyard, and is near the place where a man of their color was killed by lightening a year ago.

The sympathetic man of the Burlington *Hawkeye* says: "One of the most pitiful spectacles in this cruel winter weather is the sight of a shivering wasp, who fooled around in the autumn sunshine until his house was closed for the season, and he looked out without a night key in his pocket."

NEWS SUMMARY.

Eastern and Middle States.

The census of New York State, just published, gives the total population at 4,698,-958. Native born, 3,503,300; foreign, 1,195,-658; colored, 56,121. Of the foreign element 517,277 came from Ireland; 367,351 from Germany and 119,090 from England. The total number of voters in the State reaches 1,141,-462, of whom 747,280 are natives and 394,182 foreign born.

The committee of New York aldermen appointed to investigate the ring frauds have made their report, after taking a vast amount of testimony, including that of Tweed. The report says that the evidence brought to light the fact that frauds had been committed upon the city to the amount of thirty millions of dollars, of which enormous sum only $876,000 had been recovered. The report says the evidence shows that officials and representatives of all political faiths were engaged in these gigantic robberies; and the committee are of opinion that they have brought sufficient evidence to light to enable the city successfully to defend actions pending against it for $2,000,000.

At a meeting of the New York board of aldermen a resolution to recommend the attorney-general and corporation conneil to release Wm. M. Tweed from imprisonment after securing his property for the city and taking proper means to obtain his future testimony, was carried by a vote of thirteen to seven.

The disasters along the Atlantic coast during the recent heavy storm were nufnerous. A large number of vessels were driven ashore. The steamer Old Colony, running between New York and Fall River, was disabled by accident in Buzzard's Bay and drifted for eleven hours at the mercy of a high sea, but was eventually towed into Newport harbor by a wrecking company's steamer.

The bank cammissioner of Connecticut has restrained the Thompsonville Savings Bank from doing further business until an examination into its condition can be made.

A large fire broke out in a mine at Summit Hill, Pa., and burned fiercely for a long time, causing a loss of over $50,000; and the destruction of a breaker at Shenandoah, Pa., belonging to the Reading Coal and Iron Company, caused a loss of $100,000.

Mayor Ely, of New York, asserts, in his annual message to the common council, that the city government is too complex and the police department to expensive.

A fire broke out in the drying room of the publishing house of Houghton & Co., Cambridge, Mass., and destroyed an immense amount of printed material, including 70,000 sheets of portions of Webster's dictionary, a large part of the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and a large quantity of sheets belonging to other works. The total loss is about $10,000.

In compliance with a resolution of the board of directors of the Pottsville (Pa.) bank, that institution was closed to depositors.

Etta Hazeltine and Sadie Sharp, aged respectively fifteen and eleven, broke through the ice on a pond near Hyannis, Mass., and were drowned.

Dennis Donnelly was sentenced to be hanged at Pottsville, Pa., for the murder of Thomas Sanger. He is the sixteenth "Molly Maguire" condemned to death.

The prices at the annual sale of pews in Plymouth Church were lower this year than in previous years. The sum paid for first choice was $336.

The New Jersey Legislature met at Trenton and organized. George C. Ludlow was elected president of the Senate and John Egan speaker of the House, and Governor Bedle's message was received and read.

At an election of the New York Bar Association, Secretary of State William M. Evarts was chosen president, and ex-Governor Samuel J. Tilden one of the vice-presidents on the same ticket.

The Republicans of New Hampshire met in State convention at Concord and nominated E. H. Rollins for Governor and David E. Willard for railroad commissioner. The platform adopted says in regard to President Hayes and his policy: "While we admit honest differences of opinion in respect to past acts, we welcome and approve his sincere efforts to keep faith with the people, and secure to the whole country the blessings of a just, efficient, and honest Republican national administration." Other planks in the platform favor specie resumption of specie payments, denounce any attempts to repudiate the public debt, call for economy in public affairs and for education, approve of the efforts to extend commerce, and oppose further land grants.

The Connecticut Legislature opened its session and Governor Hubbell's message was read.

The failure of Edward D. Dunning, Jr., a prominent Wall street broker, has taken place. His liabilities reach nearly $600,000 and among his creditors are a number of banks.

John L. Pinkham, employed by Mrs. Marian Berry, of New Durham, N. H., a widow of sixty-five, had a dispute with the old lady in regard to the payment for some work done. Procuring a shotgun he entered Mrs. Berry's House and shot her dead Then he went, down the road half a mile and cut his throat.

A large meeting of representatives of the leading banks, insurance and trust companies of New York, Boston and other cities was held in the former place, to protest against the passage by Congress of the Bland silver bill. A committee reported that the "passage of that bill would operate unfavorably against specie resumption in 1879;" the return to business on a gold basis was urged, and a committee was appointed to memorialize Congress against the passage of the Bland bill.

Theodore B. Wetmore, late vice-president of the defunct Security Life Insurance Company of New York, found guilty of assisting Mr. Case, the late president of the company, who was recently sentenced for a term of years) in making misstatements of, its condition, was sentenced to one year's imprisonment at hard labor and to pay a fine of $250.

The Great Barrington (Mass.) Savings Bank has suspended payment pending an investigation by the state bank commissioner. The deposits are $407,000 and the total liabilities $414,000. And the stockholders of the Rockland National Bank, of Nyack, N. Y., have resolved that that institution should go into voluntary liquidation.

At the annual meeting of the Plymouth Church Mr. Beecher sent a letter proposing a reduction of one-fourth of his salary, and the offer was accepted.

A resolution introduced in the New York Assembly, protesting against the passage of the Bland silver bill by Congress was passed by a vote of 105 to 17.

A New York retired varnish dealer named Francis S. Wynkoop has failed for $282,000.

C. P. Mills, of Williams College won the first prize at the annual inter-collegiate oratorical contest in New York.

The paying teller of the Rochester (N. Y.) savings bank, Eugene A. Shepperdson, has proven a defaulter for $9,000, the cause of his fault being fast horses and stock speculation.

Western and Southern States.

The wholesale grocery firm of Samuel Bliss & Co., Chicago, has failed, its liabilities being $130,000. Joseph Bowfield, Chicago's corporation counsel, has become a bankrupt, his unsecured debts amounting to $220,000. In Cincinnati David Gibson, liquor merchant, Benner & Co., candy manufacturers, and Jacob Benninger, pork packer, have failed recently, with liabilities aggregating several hundred thousand dollars.

The newly discovered oil wells in the Black Hills are beginning to attract attention, and many parties are locating claims.

Hon. Richard M. Pierson, chief justice of the supreme court of North Carolina, died at Winston, aged seventy-three.

Murray & Nelson's drug manufactory in Chicago was burned. Loss, $20,000; insurance, about $12,000.

Fires: Kellogg's block at Ripon, Wis., was burned, causing a loss of $30,000; insurance, $25,000. At Lagrange, Ind., Brown's business block succumbed to the flames, entailing a loss of $30,000, on which there is a partial insurance.

The Ohio and Wisconsin Legislatures have begun their sessions.

Hon. Montgomery Blair presented a memorial in the Maryland Legislature, praying that Congress make a judicial investigation into the title of President Hayes.

The anniversary of the battle of New Orleans was celebrated in that city by a general military parade.

At Cleveland, Ohio, the thirteenth annual convention of the American Dairymen's Association was held, dairymen from the different States and Canada being present. It was stated that butter and cheese were now bringing relatively higher prices than ever before. The exports of cheese last year to Great Britian—one-half customer—were 110,000,000 pounds, worth $13,000,000. Butter had also been exported to the amount of 14,000,000 pounds.

Mrs. Mary Sipes died in Baltimore, aged ninety-nine years. She had seen every President of the United States, and had been an upholsterer in the White House during Jefferson's term.

A call has been made for a meeting of the National Greenback party at Toledo, Ohio, on the twenty-second of February. The call was signed by Peter Cooper, Wendell Phillips and others.

Governor Hampton has disbanded a South Carolina rifle company which recently made an attack on United States revenue officers and took a prisoner out of their hands.

The Louisiana and Wisconsin Legislatures have organized. Governor Nicholls stated that Louisiana's bonded debt is about $12,000,000. In Wisconsin the Democrats and Greenback men united and elected their candidate for speaker of the House.

Two slight shocks of earthquake were felt lately in Illinois.

George A. Pendleton was nominated for United States Senator from Ohio by a Democratic caucus of the members of the legislature, who have a majority in that body.

At the national dairymen's convention in Cleveland, Ohio, a resolution was unanimously carried to hold a national dairy fair in New York next autumn, and a committee of arrangements was appointed.

A bill has been introduced in the Ohio Senate fixing a day's labor at eight hours.

From Washington.

A report will be made by the House military committee in favor of reducing the staff of the army.

Mrs. Hayes' first reception at the White House was attended by the diplomatic corps, army and navy officers, and many ladies.

The following persons have been pardoned by the President: Edward A. Phalan, convicted of robbing the mails, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the Salem (Mass.) jail; John T. Toombs, convicted of using canceled postage stamps for the payment of postage, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in the Kentucky penitentiary; James Levy, convicted of perjury, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the Kings county (N. Y.) penitentiary; and Samuel P. Steele, convicted of embezzlement in a post office, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in the jail at Jackson, Miss.

At the annual meeting of the female suffrage convention, held in Washington, speeches were made by prominent woman suffragists.

It was determined, at a cabinet meeting, to invite further subscriptions to the new four per cent. loan, and to afford every facility for the purchase of the bonds.

In his recently published annual report the commissioner of agriculture states that the wheat crop this year promises to exceed that of last year by 70,000,000 bushels, and that "other crops have generally been good."

Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, has written a long letter to the President, giving his views upon the relations of the Executive and of Congress in regard to appointments.

Foreign News.

General Grant has arrived at Alexandria Egypt.

The steamer Atacama, belonging to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, while on a voyage from Valparaiso to Callao, was wrecked on the coast of Chili, and of the crew and passengers, it is estimated only twenty-nine were saved, the number lost being 101.

A cab broke through the ice at Halifax, N. S., and three young ladies and the driver were drowned.

The London provision merchants, Joseph Anderson & Son, have failed for $1,000,000.

Baker Pasha (Valentine Baker, once a colonel in the English army) has been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general in the Turkish army.

Francis Vincent Paspail, the well-known French chemist and politician, died in Paris aged eighty-three.

A revolt took place among the garrison of Sandy Point, Straits of Majellan, and the convicts there were liberated and committed all manner of excesses. The mutineers killed their captain, wounded the governor of the colony, and burned a large quantity of public stores. About fifty persons in all were slaughtered by them.

Victor Emmanuel, king of Italy, died in Rome on the ninth, aged fifty-eight years. His sudden death caused much emotion throughout Italy, and some surprise in other parts of Europe. The newspapers of Italy appeared in black. At the time of his disease his bedside was surrounded by his wife, son, ministers of state and others. Immediately after his death the king's son, Prince Humbert, was proclaimed king, under the title of King Hubert I, and issued a proclamation to the people announcing his father's death. The new king will keep his father's ministers.

A special dispatch to the London *Times* from Berlin says: "Russia having consented to enter into negotiations for an armistice, even if the preliminaries of peace are not settled beforehand, the conclusion of a truce is probable."

A dispatch from St. Petersburg says: The Grand Duke Nicholas has telegraphed the following to the emperor from Lovtcha: "I am happy to congratulate your majesty upon a brilliant victory gained this day, General Hadetzky has, after desperate fighting, captured the whole Turkish army defending the Shipka Pass, consisting of forty-one battalions, ten batteries and one regiment of cavalry. Prince Mirsky has occupied Kezanlik. General Scobeleff holds Shipka."

A large fire in Honolulu destroyed public and private property worth over $250,000.

The body of Victor Emmanuel was embalmed, King Humbert received dispatches of sympathy from all the European rulers.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

Senate.

After the long recess the Senate opened with about forty senators in their seats. Many bills were introduced and referred to the appropriate committees. Mr. Conkling submitted a resolution instructing the committee on the judiciary to inquire and report in regard to the right of the United States, which was agreed to. He also submitted a resolution instructing the committee on naval affairs to inquire and report in regard to the restoration of Dr. L. J. Draper to the medical corps of the navy, which was debated at some length and agreed to. Mr. Edmunds submitted a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution of the United States, prohibiting the States from making appropriations for sectarian purposes. It was referred to the committee on the judiciary. Then the Senate resumed the consideration of the resolution of Mr. Matthews, submitted before the recess, declaring that the right of suffrage was not and shot her dead Then he went, down the road half a mile and cut his throat.

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